

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF  
AMERICAN LIFE  
IN FICTION FACT  
AND COMMENT

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ALTHOUGH Aunt Lida had said that Bob was largely responsible for his cousin, she intended that George should do his part. As soon as she reached the house she went straight to him. "George," she said as severely as she could speak, "what have you been doing to Robert?"

"Telltale!" George muttered. "Why can't Bob fight his own battles?"

Aunt Lida did not hear the first word, and she was too intent on her purpose to realize that George would attribute her knowledge to Bob's telling, instead of to Lewis Martin's. "Robert can fight his own battles well enough," she answered. "I'm not bothering about him but about a boy who could play such a mean trick as you played. How came you to do it, George?"

"You all think that Bob's such a saint, and that I'm a sinner!" George cried.

"You aren't going to change anybody's opinion by such actions, are you, George?" Aunt Lida asked.

"I don't care," he replied sulkily. "Everyone hates me, and I hate everybody; that's all there is about it."

"That isn't true, George. In the bottom of your heart you are fond of us all, especially Robert."

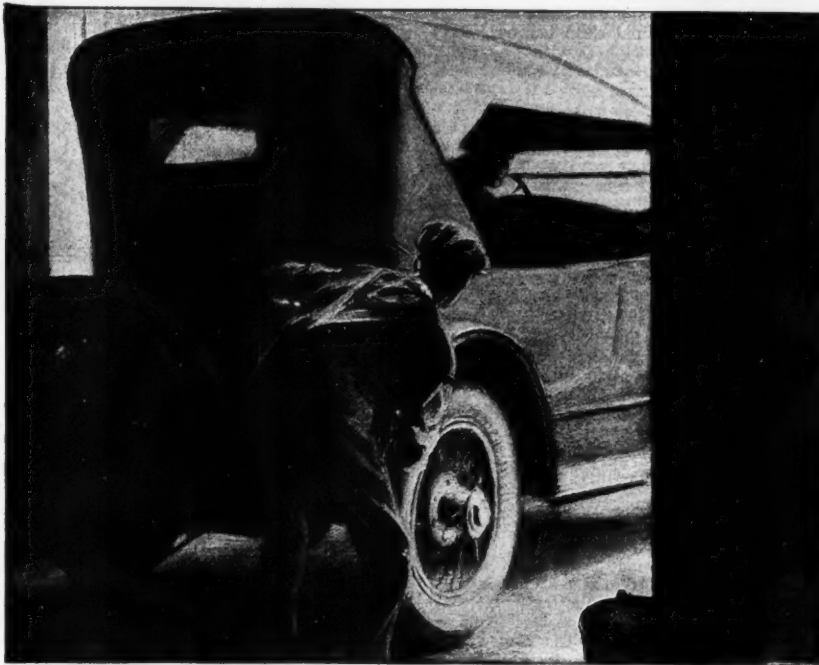
"I'm not," he contradicted her. "I hate him."

"You've no reason to," she said softly. "Just think a moment of all the kind things Robert has done for you and how patient he's been with your bad temper."

"That's just it!" he exclaimed. "I don't want him to be patient. I don't want him to treat me as if I were a kid."

"Just as soon as you are grown up we'll all treat you so," Aunt Lida answered. "You stay here an hour and think about it. See if you can remember any unkindness that anyone has shown you and any kindness that you have shown anyone else." Suddenly she put her arms round him. "My dear boy," she murmured as she stroked his tousled hair, "my dear boy, I do love you! I can't be happy till you learn to be happy."

The unexpected tenderness was too much for George. He was on the point of losing control of his emotions when



DRAWN BY EMLEN MCCONNELL

"There isn't much," he replied, and forced a tack into the other tire

## ROBERT THE RESPONSIBLE

By Helen Ward Banks

Chapter Seven. Bob matches wits with Gentleman Jordan

Uncle Joe came into the room. He looked from his wife to George with a sternness that was unusual with him. "There's reason in all things, Lida," he said. "You'll spoil that boy by pampering him. He ought to be in bed without any supper, and here you're babying him. Have you apologized to your cousin yet, George?"

"He's going to, Joseph," Aunt Lida said soothingly. "He's going back to his job now, and tonight he'll tell Robert that he's sorry."

"He'll tell him now," declared Uncle Joe. "Go right away and tell Robert you are sorry for the mean, childish trick you played on him. You'll get no supper till you do."

George's face settled back into sullenness as he stamped out through the door of the kitchen. Uncle Joe went into the dining room and Aunt Lida, left to herself, dropped down into a chair by the stove. "Oh, it's too bad; it's too bad!" she lamented. "And I'd just got George started right."

Presently she rose and, taking out a cookie pan, smiled. "Well," she concluded, "it only means starting at the bottom to build up again. It would be a pity if Joseph couldn't speak his mind in his own house. And tomorrow's a new day."

But tomorrow was yet to come. Meanwhile Aunt Lida set about cutting soft circles from her yellow dough; Uncle Joe busied himself

with his accounts; Lewis lingered at the fair, fascinated with a yoke of white steers; George sat on the front steps, declaring that he never would apologize to Bob but knowing in his heart that he must do it eventually; and Bob himself was in the old barn with Gentleman Jordan.

As Bob, sure of his visitor's identity, stood at the door of the telephone booth a slight movement of Jordan's hand straightened the gloved fingers; the man had not known that they had been bent. He slipped into his pocket the card on which he had been writing and, glancing up, met Bob's direct look.

Bob did his best to grin in his usual cheerful manner. "Have you the identification check?" he asked.

The same little flicker passed over Jordan's eyes, the look of a man who tries to shut expression out of his eyes lest some one should observe it. But his smile was still suave as his hand went into his pocket and brought out the card; on it he had written number one. "That's right, isn't it?" he asked pleasantly.

"It's Mr. Bonner's number all right," assented Bob.

"Yes, it's Mr. Bonner's car," said Jordan. "I'm going to pick him up at the fair. If you'll get it ready, I'll use the telephone in the meantime."

Bob did not stir. His pulse was beating



hard. He was in for a duel with Jordan, and his weapon must be his ready wit. With that foil he must fence for time and not let the man suspect that he recognized or feared him. For in a contest of force he would be a mere baby in Jordan's hands.

It is true that he could run for the house, but to do that would be to betray his suspicion and to send Jordan off at top speed in Mr. Bonner's automobile, the automobile that Bob had specially promised should be safe in his care. No, he must stay by his cars, but he would make a chance to telephone for Uncle Joe to come over; with an ally as stout as his uncle he could hold Jordan until Mr. Manning

should return. The telephone was the strategic point; he must use it himself, and he must keep Jordan from speaking the message that he evidently wanted to communicate. Meanwhile he must at all costs prevent Mr. Bonner's automobile from leaving the garage. "It's some stunt," he said to himself. "I must keep my head clear. My first job is to keep the gentleman believing that I don't know who he is, the second is to call Uncle Joe, the third is to keep Jordan from talking to anyone; and first, last and all the time I've got to hang on to Mr. Bonner's car. I'll hold Jordan for Manning if I can, for he's a danger to the community, but, if he does get away, he won't go in Mr. Bonner's car! I'm blessed if I know just how to act, but I must do something. This is the emergency he talked about."

"Are you waiting for anything?" Jordan asked politely. "I'd like to get right off. You know how Mr. Bonner is; he wants what he wants when he wants it."

Then a new idea came to Bob, and he stretched out his hand. "I'm waiting for the key," he answered.

Jordan looked annoyed. "Did Bonner take away his key and forget to give it to me?"

"Shall I see if I can find him on the telephone?" Bob asked.

"No, no, you'd never find him there."

"Then I suppose we must wait for Mr. Bonner to turn up."

"He won't like that," declared Jordan. "We'll just look at the car once



and see if the key isn't tucked away somewhere. It is queer he didn't give it to me."

Content for the moment with keeping Jordan from the telephone, Bob went with him to the automobile and pried into every likely and unlikely nook and cranny. But they found no key for the very good reason that at that moment it was lying safe in Mr. Bonner's pocket.

"I guess Mr. Bonner has it all right," Bob concluded. "I'll tell you what I can do. My uncle is a clever mechanic; I can telephone to him to come over and see if he can't make a key for us."

"I wouldn't think of troubling your uncle," Jordan said hastily. "Aren't you clever enough to start the car?"

"I might be able to," Bob replied with deliberation. It had occurred to him to start Mr. Bonner's car and run it out of the garage before Jordan could stop him. Then he not only could call for help, but the big Hycomobile with its powerful engine could easily overtake any car that Jordan might choose for his escape.

"I'd make it worth your while," said Jordan. "I hate to keep Mr. Bonner waiting. I'd give five dollars to have that car started."

"That would be easy money," Bob said and laughed, "easier than the five dollars I earned last week by pulling a car out of the mire. It was a Hycomobile too."

Jordan looked at him keenly, but Bob was still hunting for the key.

"Whom did you pull out of the mud?" the man asked.

"Oh, just some one who was moving and got mired beside the spring, trying to turn round. He didn't tell me who he was."

"Wouldn't you even know him if you saw him again?" asked Jordan lightly.

"I didn't see him the first time," Bob answered in the same tone. "It was night, and his cap and coat collar hid him completely. Well, there's no use looking here any more for a key, that's certain. I'll call Uncle Joe." He started toward the booth.

"Come back," called Jordan. "Do it yourself, and I'll give you ten dollars!"

"Uncle Joe will do it in half the time," protested Bob, moving on.

"Come back," commanded Jordan again.

Bob stopped and slowly retraced his steps. "I thought I could work that, but it was a little too crude," he said to himself. "Of course I could have made a rush and perhaps have got some one on the telephone before he colared me, but if I hadn't that would have been the end. It wouldn't take much to turn him ugly, and then he'd be soon knock me on the head as eat his dinner. Just as long as he thinks I don't suspect him he'll play me, for he'd rather get away seemingly on the square and make a good start before I waked up to the fact that he'd stolen a car. But the minute he thinks that my eyes are open he'll prove to be a rough customer, I'm afraid. I'll try to make a key and hold him as long as I can. When it's made if anyone runs the car out, I'll be the one."

By that time he had reached the Hycomobile, and Jordan spoke again: "Get me out of this place in five minutes and I'll make it twenty dollars."

"That's more money than I ever earned in five minutes before," said Bob. "I'll see what I can do. I'll have to go up to the shed for some stuff."

"There's a workshop over there," said Jordan. "Use what stuff you have; you won't earn your money if you spend your time gallivanting all over the place. Get a move on, can't you? Bonner'll be crazy if I don't turn up soon."

"I'll do my best," Bob promised him and fastened a big nail into his vise.

"I'll telephone now," Jordan said.

"I'm afraid I'll need your help," Bob ventured to say. "Just see what size the key should be, will you?"

"Plumber and helper, eh?" remarked Jordan rather unpleasantly. "Well, I can do it. I could make the key except—" He paused.

"Except what?" Bob asked innocently.

"I don't want to get my hands dirty," Jordan answered.

Bob kept his helper busy and had a new job ready every time that Jordan spoke of going to the telephone. When he finally broke away Bob followed him to the booth.

"Keep on with your job or you'll lose your money," Jordan said sharply.

"If you'll hold this while I telephone to Uncle Joe," Bob replied, "he can do the work much faster than I can. It takes two really."

"Well, you've got me for a helper."

"But you keep running away."

Jordan's brows drew together. "Come on then. Anything to get done with this job."

You haven't done it in five minutes, so you've lost one five dollars. You'll lose another if you don't finish up in five minutes more."

"I'd better go to it then," declared Bob and went to work again.

For a few moments both were silent. Then in a tone of idle curiosity Jordan asked, "Who went out from here just before I came?"

"What kind of person?" asked Bob.

"The young man on a motor cycle."

"Oh, that chap. He came in for some gas."

"Do you know him?"

"No, I can't say that I know him. I've spoken to him once or twice."

"What does he do for a living?"

"Rides a motor cycle, I guess," replied Bob, grinning. "I don't know of any other thing he does so much—as far as I've seen him. I like people who drive engines; it's good for my trade."

Again the two were silent; Bob's file rasped harshly. Presently Jordan spoke again: "Didn't I see in the paper that you had some sort of burglary here recently?"

"Oh, you mean up at Mrs. Lemuel Jones's? Yes, some fellow did clean her out. Dirty business, isn't it?"

"Did they catch the man?"

"Not that I've heard of."

"Any clues?"

Bob grinned again guilelessly. "I'm not a member of a detective force, and my own work has kept me too busy to talk much this last week. There, I believe this key is going to work."

His heart was pounding again with excitement as with Jordan following he walked across to the automobile. So far he had played a waiting game; while waiting for help to arrive, he had held his man and had kept him from the telephone. Now there could be no more waiting; the time had come for action. By sheer audacity he must run the Hycomobile out from under Jordan's nose and race for the help that had not come. He did not know how he could do it, but he was determined to find a way. Standing on the floor with Jordan close behind him, he reached inside the machine and fitted his key. It turned. "There!" he said with satisfaction. "So far so good. This front tire is all right. Take a look at the back ones, will you, while I examine the other front one?"

Bob walked round the front of the big car. He had managed to keep his voice steady. Would Jordan do as he was told?

Jordan obeyed; Bob's apparent simplicity had lulled his suspicion. The man stepped back to examine the rear tires. Without undue appearance of haste Bob's long legs took him into the automobile and behind the wheel. The switch was on; the self-starter turned the engine at the first push. Bob's heart leaped with exultation as he shifted his gear. He would be off before Jordan could tumble into the tonneau.

But as the car leaped forward he heard behind him a scream so startling that he involuntarily shut down his gas. Then followed the noise of a fall. "I'm done!" cried a muffled voice.

"I forgot to shut the trapdoor," Bob thought.

His foot was on the brake. For an instant he hesitated; caution told him to go on; humanity urged him to go back and see how badly the man was hurt. With the nose of the automobile just pointing into the open Bob threw his weight on the brake. "He can't get out of the cellar anyway," he concluded, and he jumped out and ran back toward the open trapdoor.

All was silent in the old barn when Bob reached the opening; but as he knelt to peer down into the darkness he heard the noise of a self-starter. In an instant he was on his feet, for the sound was coming from the big automobile in the doorway, and Jordan was sitting behind the steering wheel!

Bob rammed his hands down into his pockets as he crossed the floor once more to the Hycomobile. The starter was working less quickly. "Tricked like a baby," he said to himself scornfully. "I had the whole game in my hands, and he fooled me like that! I ought to be hung for a fool. Now what to do!"

In one of Bob's pockets was his flash light, and in another was the package of long tacks that he had used that morning in putting up his sign. He reached the side of the motionless car, and in his determination to control the expression of his face and the tone of his voice his left hand clenched over the light, and his right hand clenched the package of tacks.

With his foot still on the starter, Jordan looked down at him; there was a trace of malice in his suave smile. He understood Bob's ruse. "I'm afraid I startled you," he apologized. "I'm subject to those attacks, but luckily this one was short. I found the rear tires quite all right. Perhaps you will be kind enough to see how much gas there is."

Still clenching his hands, Bob walked in silence to the back of the car. As he was standing there the engine started, and he gripped his package of tacks so tight that one of them broke through and ran into his finger. The prick brought with it a new thought. The tacks were sharp and more than an inch long; one of them had pierced his own tire. Bob bit his lips. He had lost his

chance to keep the big Hycomobile, but at least he could be sure that it would not run far. With one hand on the wheel he leaned over to look at the gas meter. "If there ever was an emergency, it's now," he thought. "If I lose the car, I cannot replace it, and the insurance hasn't been transferred to Mr. Bonner. But I have money enough to pay for two new tires. There aren't any spares, and he can't run far on two flat tires."

"Gas all right?" asked Jordan impatiently. Bob jammed a tack into the off wheel. "There isn't much," he replied, and forced a tack into the other tire, "but it will take you as far as the fairgrounds."

And just then George sauntered in.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## PARTNERS, WIVES AND MOTHS

By Mary Marshall Parks



JERRY impatiently twitched his tie loose for the third time, then turned and gazed mirthfully at his wife, who was hovering like a bewildered butterfly over three gowns she had spread out on the bed.

"Anyone would think we were to be presented at court," he chuckled.

"We are," said Dorothy crisply. "Senior partners' wives are important people, and Mrs. Lawson is quite all of that. I'm not usually fussy about clothes; but you must realize that this is a much larger place than Smithville, and I'm all at sea."

"If she is sensible, she will make allowances."

Dorothy frowned thoughtfully. "I doubt if she is; she is rather spoiled and very fastidious. First impressions mean a lot, and I want to wear what she will think is exactly the right thing."

"Which is most suitable for an informal dinner in June anywhere on earth?"

"I suppose this white linen—"

"Wear it, then."

Dorothy did so and later was delighted to find that their hostess, too, wore simple white. But it really was a regal presence that greeted them in the stately hall of the senior partner's imposing house. It was easy to understand why the entire community paid homage to Mrs. Lawson, and, though she was friendly and winning, it was plain that she considered absolute deference as her rightful due—the royal prerogative. The evening was entirely successful, and the two young people felt as if they were walking on air when they again passed through the big gate.

"Isn't she exquisite?" murmured Dorothy rapturously. "Jerry, she says the partners always live in that big house across the street. She has already asked the agent to hold it for us, if we want it."

"I gathered that we are elected crown prince and princess, but I didn't know there was a palace thrown in," commented Jerry as they gazed at a building that was half hidden by trees. "Not so impressive as the royal residence, but something of a house. Rent free?" he asked ironically.

"The rent would be high of course," Dorothy replied doubtfully after a minute's silence.

Their elation had lifted them from earth like a hot-air balloon; now it was cooling fast, and presently their feet were on solid ground again.

"What's this about partners? I didn't know there had been any others."

"You didn't? I wondered why you hadn't mentioned it. Jerry, there have been four, and not one outlasted the year of

probation. Mrs. Lawson did not know what was wrong, or else she did not want to tell me. I'm afraid Mr. Lawson is hard to please. Look at the moths round that light. Poor silly things!"

The ground at the foot of the pole was covered with wounded bodies, and one wingless thing was madly trying to climb the pole in order to get back to the deadly globe. Dorothy shuddered.

In spite of the quiet walk and a quiet half hour on the moonlit veranda of the boarding house she was too much excited to sleep. When she finally did drop into an uneasy slumber she soon awoke with a start, frightened. Unable to lie still, she rose, put on a kimono and stole out into the moonlight; but she had scarcely seated herself in the big swing when she heard some one behind her and, turning swiftly, saw that it was Jerry in bathrobe and slippers.

"What's up, Dorothy?" he asked softly.

"I am," she whispered. "I had a bad dream. I dreamed about the moths. I thought I was one of them, buzzing round the light. I wanted to get away from it; I remembered the wingless one; but I couldn't get away till I woke with a start. Jerry, do you know what it costs to run a house like that?"

"From moths to houses is a big jump. What's the connection?"

"There is one. I don't know how I could have had the idea for an instant. I was excited and overawed and dazzled—"

"Like the moths?" he asked.

"Exactly. I don't know how much it would be, but it would be a lot more than you are supposed to draw."

"I'm to have a quarter share of the year's profits, whatever happens; but profits are problematical in the best of concerns. Mr. Lawson said I might overdraw in an emergency."

"The cost of high living isn't an emergency, and profits are always uncertain—never more so than now. Jerry, our house at home was a little house. Our income was small. I know mother's way to a penny, and your salary is more than we ever had. If we do as we were planning, we shall be all right. If we don't, we shall be poor and worried. I may grow up to it if it is necessary, but now I don't feel equal to that big establishment."

"We'll do mother's way then."

Dorothy hesitated. "Mrs. Lawson has made all her plans otherwise. She talked to me of practically nothing else the whole evening. She is rejoicing because she thinks I will be more help to her in entertaining than any of the others were. She is not used to being crossed; that is evident. She will be offended, I think, and that will not help us with Mr. Lawson. It will make him uncomfortable."





Jerry's face was blank. "What's the answer?" he asked.

"I don't know," Dorothy answered. "That's why I'm worried. They seem to expect us to live in that style, but what you are to draw is not nearly enough. Did he say anything about it?"

"Not a word."

They were young, and they were strangers in a strange town; there was no one to whom they could turn. The change had been a wonderful promotion for Jerry, but now the fear lest a false move should cause them to lose the advancement was heavy on them both.

Above the tree tops the moon shone serenely, and presently Jerry was less solemn.

"No moths round the moon anyhow," he said cheerfully. Then he straightened up and his eyes sparkled. "Dorothy, listen, dear! At any cost we'll keep out of that light up there on the hill." He waved his hand gayly but defiantly at the big house. "And if royalty doesn't like it, we'll go back to Smithville."

Afterwards Dorothy often boasted that she looked at every house for rent in town and took the last one. It was old and not in a fashionable neighborhood; but it had a big lawn and a garden, was solidly built, and the rent was less than they had dared to hope for. Moreover, it was convenient for rearrangement if they should decide to buy it.

"That is one of our plans which will have to wait," said Jerry.

"Yes; I made a party call on Mrs. Lawson this afternoon and broke the news. She froze inwardly and glittered outwardly—like an icicle. I'm afraid we're finished there. She never will come to this house."

In the weeks that followed they tried to forget the future, but it was impossible. Their plans seemed haunted by the ghosts of four departed partners. They wanted a home, but every move they sought to make seemed blocked.

"The owner is trying to sell this place on installments—a little more than rent, you know," announced Jerry during the second month of their occupancy. "If we don't buy, some one else may."

"Jerry, let's do it and put an end to this doubt," said Dorothy. "Then we can plant and repair as we like. What if we do leave town, and some one else does profit from our roses and raspberries? It's petty to care so much about that part of it. Think what the world has lost because people were afraid they would not profit from their labors!"

"It is petty," Jerry agreed heartily. "Besides, such things as we are planning to do make a place more salable."

That almost laid the ghosts of departed partners. The home building went forward; but as an unsolved and fascinating mystery the departed partners cropped up continually. If Jerry laid down his trowel, sat back and remarked meditatively, "They were all liked at the store," Dorothy did not have to ask who "they" were.

"They were more popular than I am, I think," Jerry said one morning. "The chief is old and tired. He has lost interest in the store, and the business had slowed down. I've had to speed things up everywhere, and no one seems to like it except the chief."

"No clue to the trouble yet?"

"Not one. The impression is they left to better themselves."

Dorothy shook her head. "He was not suited. Mrs. Lawson was vague about it because, I suppose, she blames him and did not want to say so."

"If anyone at the store knows, it is the old bookkeeper," said Jerry thoughtfully, "and he is a combination of crab and oyster. Couldn't get it out of him if I thought it right to try. I could ask the chief himself, but I'm supposed not to know it. I'm doing what he

wants done to the best of my ability. Outside I'm doing what I think is right according to my own standard. I wouldn't stay on any other terms."

Busy and happy months followed, months of creative work indoors and out. During the



summer evenings there were delightful visits on moonlit verandas, and later, delightful gatherings round their own and neighboring firesides.

"We have no calling list," Jerry would say, "but we have mighty good neighbors."

At last what Dorothy called the "fateful day" arrived.

"I haven't much hope of staying," she sighed.

Jerry looked with sober pride at the budding garden.

"Hope the other fellow will like it," he said. "We'll know before night. I have no idea how the chief feels about it. He never says much to anyone, and I haven't asked. It doesn't matter. I knew this line thoroughly when I came here, and I know I've done well. I'd like to stay. I'm interested in the concern and in this house and this neighborhood. It's home. But you know there is no other work in my line here. I feel as if I had made good at the store, but we haven't filled the bill socially."

At three o'clock the same afternoon Jerry telephoned, "All O. K. Coming right home."

Dorothy cried a little, then laughed with the first delightful sense of real ownership. She was waiting expectantly on the lawn when Jerry stepped off the car at the corner.

"They all overdraw their salary accounts habitually and heavily," he exclaimed without preliminary, and laughed.

Dorothy sat down limply on the grass and stared up at him. "But they had to, if they lived as he expected."

"As she expected," Jerry said significantly. "I knew first thing this morning, but didn't want to tell you till the papers were signed. The chief didn't mention the other partners. Mackellar told me the whole story."



"James, it reminds me of our first little house," she said at last

"The bookkeeper who was so secretive?"

"Yes. He knows he can trust me now, and he is pleased over the way things have turned out. Dorothy, he says that for the last three years there have not been any profits. When the last partner went away the chief simply

plans, and she made the partners almost useless in spite of him. Mackellar says the true history of those four partners and their wives would make the great American novel. Though no two cases were alike, they all went the same road. They were dazzled exactly as we were, and they didn't get free as we did."

"He could have given you a tiny hint. She need never have known," insisted Dorothy.

"He gave me a pretty broad one when he set the limit so low on my salary account. If I had known him and the situation as I do now, I never should have felt a doubt."

"That's exactly the point, Jerry. We didn't know him or the situation. We were utterly in the dark."

"I fancy he wanted to try letting things take their course for once. He had been disappointed four times and hadn't much hope anyhow. Mackellar says it was Hartley's recommendation that made him venture again."

An hour later the senior partner and his wife called on the new junior partner. The lady was gracious, but in her voice was an indescribable aloofness. In the senior partner's eye was something that, as Dorothy said to herself, would have been a triumphant twinkle if the eye had been Jerry's.

However, as the two young people showed their elders round the premises, explaining the improvements they had made and pointing out those they hoped to make, the lady's face slowly softened.

"James, it reminds me of our first little house," she said at last. "It is nicer of course. I shouldn't much mind living here myself."

At the door she gave each a hand as she had done on that first wonderful night and beamed at them with the same warmth.

"You must dine with us soon," she urged. "We shall not be here long. Do you know, I have persuaded this husband of mine to travel awhile. I told you, Mrs. Cameron, I never could induce him to leave that tiresome business for more than a week or two at a time. Now we are going to make the grand tour."

The senior partner did not say a word, but the twinkle in his eye deepened to a steady light. There was not a trace of mockery, only of humorous understanding and tenderness and infinite patience.

"Jerry, I see it now," said Dorothy as they stood watching the departing guests. "He knows her limitations and has adapted himself to them uncomplainingly."

"And helped to spoil her instead of straightening her," said Jerry, frowning.

"Jerry, no mere man can straighten a willful, silly woman. I've seen it tried, and it ruined a home. He has made harmony out of what might have been hopeless discord, and it is so nearly perfect we were completely misled by it. He can put his foot down when it is necessary, and then it counts. Did you think she came of her own accord? Never in this world, and you saw how she softened. She wouldn't 'much mind living here.' That was a great concession from her. I am certain now he really would prefer our simple life."

Jerry nodded gravely. "He liked that first little house. He has kept a picture of it all these years."

"He showed it to you?"

"Not exactly. While we were in the library that night he was showing me some fine views he had taken last summer, and that happened to be mixed in with them."

"Happened to be! A picture taken years ago! Then he did try to give you a hint. I'm glad I know it. I couldn't quite forgive him. He is wonderful. Father would have called his a successful life."

"He certainly has made the best of his bargain, but I'm mighty glad neither of us has to go through what he went through."

"Ye-es," said Dorothy slowly. Then she turned her head and suddenly buried her face in his sleeve. "Jerry we came so near going wrong!"



"Not on your life!" answered Jerry emphatically. "We should have been square with ourselves and with the world, whatever had happened. If life is a dim trail, all the more

reason for keeping out of the dazzle. You get a false light in your eyes, and then you're done for—blind as a bat. It's the overhead light for us, Dorothy, the good old moon."

## OTHERS' BROTHERS

By Mary Lou Burton



THE wood box was empty. Eva looked at it with a sense of injury and peevishness. Her gray eyes darkened, and with a quick, impatient gesture she brushed back a wisp of wavy brown hair. "There!" she said to herself. "Hugh has forgotten to bring up wood again."

She started hastily toward the basement stairs. "Brothers certainly are funny specimens of humanity," she said half aloud. "I wonder what he'd think if I forgot to come home and get his dinner."

Reaching the basement, she hastily snatched up an armload of wood from the rather small pile that had been split into kindling. Hugh was always in such a hurry that he would split only enough to last perhaps two meals. Eva returned to the kitchen and somewhat resentfully made the fire in the range. She was tired from a day's work at the office and was in a hurry to finish dinner, for she intended to go over to the house of a girl friend to plan a party. She prepared the dinner swiftly and, setting the table, was ready to sit down to eat by the time Hugh rushed in.

"Hello, sis; guess I'm late," he said. "I got to talking and didn't notice the time."

Hugh was a good-looking boy of almost twenty years; he was two years older than Eva. His eyes were gray and were much like his sister's, and he had a good-humored way that made people excuse his carelessness in small things like keeping appointments.

"What've you got to eat?" he remarked rather than asked as he sat down. "O heck, I don't like turnips. I'll take some of the potatoes, please."

Eva colored, but she silently passed the dish of potatoes. "Isn't that like him," she thought, "to forget to come home and do his share and then criticize me!"

For a few moments they ate in silence. "Burned the potatoes, didn't you?" Hugh remarked conversationally.

Eva's fork rattled noisily in her plate. "Hugh Spencer, you certainly are the limit!" she exclaimed.

Hugh stared at her, his fork, laden with potatoes, poised halfway to his mouth. "Well, for goodness' sake, I only said you burned the potatoes."

"I know you did. You don't need to repeat it; I heard you the first time."

Hugh saw that Eva really was hurt and began at once to apologize, but she interrupted him. "You forgot again to bring up wood, and I had to go down after it and build the fire and get the dinner and do everything, and then you rush in and grumble!"

"Oh, honest, sis, I—"

"You forgot, I suppose. You always do, but that doesn't get the wood box full."

Eva was new at keeping house; she had been obliged to do it when her mother had had to take her father away for an extended trip for his health. Eva and Hugh had agreed to keep house rather than to board, and each was supposed to do a fair share of the work. But Hugh was used to his mother's quiet, efficient way of doing things and since his one year away at college had never resumed doing the small tasks that had been part of his boyhood duties; either his father had done them, or his mother had hired some one to do them. As a result, although he good-naturedly intended to help Eva, he frequently forgot or was in such a rush that he had no time.

Now, seeing his sister's disturbed face, his conscience hurt him, and he tried again to apologize. "I'm sorry, truly I am. I did forget, but I won't any more. I was almost late this morning and didn't have time, and this evening I got to talking and didn't notice how late it was."

"Oh, all right." Eva was rather ashamed of losing her temper, but still felt that she

was being imposed upon. "We won't quarrel about it now, but suppose you help with the dishes to make up for it."

Hugh looked sheepish. "I'm in an awful rush, sis; I've got to meet a man at seven-thirty, and I've just about time to catch the car. I'll do something to make up for it later." He grinned at her in a boyish way, and she could not help smiling back.

"Never mind then; run along."

Hugh hurried into his room to brush up, and soon Eva heard him rampaging round. "His room will be a sight to clean up!" she thought.

Presently Hugh put his head out of his door. "I say, Eve," he called, "do you mind

posted her letters; he made a special trip to town for nuts that she needed for a salad,—for she insisted on helping cook,—and not once during her stay did he forget to fill the wood box.

Sitting at dinner one evening, Marie remarked, "What a lucky girl you are, Eva, that Hugh helps so much about the house. I don't see how you could get along without him; and he never forgets to do the little things like bringing up wood, does he?"

Eva looked across at Hugh, who was decidedly uneasy. She let him ponder the remark for a few moments and then said casually, "Oh, yes, he realizes how much there is to be done." But she felt rather resentful. "Isn't that just like him," she thought, "to make a doormat of himself for an outsider and then to be so careless about his own sister!"

After Marie had gone things moved more or less smoothly. Eva was planning a dinner party for a few girls on Friday evening. On Friday morning she had everything as nearly ready as could be before she went to work.

At noon Hugh telephoned to her. "Sis, I've got to be away for a few days," he said. "I'm going this afternoon. You get the little Andrews girl to come and stay with you."

That evening Eva hurried home to start

She led the way to the basement and turned on the light; then she sat down on the camp stool. Ralph Edwards took off his coat and looked for a nail to hang it on, but there did not seem to be one.

"Give it to me; I'll hold it," said Eva.

Sitting there holding his coat and watching him chop wood for her, she thought that they were already well acquainted. She forgot her hurry and wondered what color Ralph's eyes were; he was bent over so she could not see. Just then he looked up. They were blue and had a decided twinkle. "Suppose I take up this armful now and make you a fire," he suggested. "Then I'll come back and do the rest."

Remembering her hurry, Eva jumped up and led the way upstairs. She pinned on a large blue apron. Her brown hair was flying in soft wisps about her face, and her cheeks were pink from her hurry.

Evidently Ralph did not find her company unpleasant, for after he had filled the wood box he offered to help with the dinner. "I'll peel those spuds, and you do something else," he insisted.

He helped her until she had dinner all ready. Then he helped to set the table and actually put the forks and the spoons in their proper places!

"What a shock it would be to see Hugh do a thing like that," Eva thought as she remembered her brother's hit-or-miss methods of putting on the silverware.

As Ralph was going out he remarked, "I expect to be here about two weeks. I'll come over and see to your wood and things. Don't bother about getting Johnny; you can't trust kids anyway."

The next evening he appeared just as she was coming home. "I couldn't get in, so I waited until you came," he explained.

For no particular reason Eva followed him to the basement and watched him as he gathered an armload of wood; then she followed him upstairs again. He made a fire quickly, and soon it was crackling and glowing.

Every evening Ralph came just as she reached home, and every evening for no particular reason she went with him to get the wood. Then he would always find some other small task to do. He decided that the ashes needed to be taken from the range, and he smiled as he did that unpleasant job. Observing that the faucet at the kitchen sink leaked, he mended it; he adjusted a window shade; he repaired a broken shutter; he seemed to see everything that needed to be done and then did it.

The experience surely was novel for Eva. She contrasted him with Hugh, and in comparison he seemed like an angel. "What a comfort he is," she thought. "So dependable, so ready to help, and he never forgets! I wish Hugh were more like him. I didn't know anybody ever could be so comfortable and so nice to have around."

Hugh's absence lengthened into two weeks, and not once during that time did Ralph forget to do the small tasks for which he had assumed responsibility. He and Eva were fast friends now. They were very good friends indeed; in fact Ralph had indicated that he should like to be more than a mere friend. And Eva kept thinking, "He is such a dear and so dependable and unselfish. He never forgets, like Hugh. What a joy he must be to his sister!"

One evening Eva started across lots to ask Mrs. Martin some question. Running up the steps, she lifted her hand to knock but, hearing voices, hesitated.

"Ralph," it was Mrs. Martin's voice,—"I had to get in the wood again this evening. I wish—"

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Eva heard Ralph say penitently. "I went over to Eva's this morning and was almost late for an appointment downtown, and I forgot. I'm sorry; I won't forget any more."

"Well, it seems funny you never forget to wait on her, and she's an outsider, but your own sister—"

Eva suddenly realized that she was listening to a conversation meant entirely for other ears. She turned and went slowly back to her own house. Sitting down on a kitchen chair, she was thoughtful for some time. There Hugh found her when he suddenly arrived home.

"Hello, sis; thought I'd surprise you!"

Eva greeted him heartily and got dinner for him. Then they sat down to talk. Presently he said, "Say, you know after I was on the train I remembered about that wood." He glanced at the wood box; it was full—packed solidly, neatly full, obviously by an expert masculine arm. He turned back to her again. "I'm awfully sorry, honest, and you were



He helped her until she had dinner all ready. Then he helped to set the table

pressing this tie for me? I don't seem to have a decent one to wear."

Eva got the necktie and, turning on the electric iron, pressed it. Then she went back to clearing away the dishes.

"By, Eva; I shan't be out late!"

"All right, Hugh, good-by."

She smiled to herself. He was such a "kid"; obviously he was trying to be on his good behavior to make up for his mistakes. She finished clearing up the kitchen and then found that it was too late to go to her friend's house—a circumstance that stirred her resentment against Hugh. "I notice that he kept his appointment!" she thought. "If he had done his part, I could have kept mine too. Oh, well," she thought with the bitter sophistication of almost eighteen, "I guess all men are selfish like that."

For the next few days things went along as usual. Sometimes Hugh remembered to come home and help, and sometimes he did not; then he would promise again to try to remember his tasks, and the two would start afresh.

One evening Hugh said rather hesitantly to his sister, "Say, sis, there's a girl coming through here next week, going West, and I wish you'd ask her to stop off."

Eva agreed to ask her, and after she had written an invitation and had received an acceptance she began to get ready for the visitor, who was to arrive on Friday evening.

Hugh was as good as an angel during the preparations. He beat rugs, swept floors, washed windows and helped his sister generally.

When the girl—Marie West—arrived she proved to be pretty and soft-spoken; she had big brown eyes and reddish-brown hair. If she had lived in the generation just passed, she would have been a "clinging vine"; she had Hugh waiting on her hand and foot. He

dinner for her guests. Entering the kitchen, she stopped suddenly halfway across the room. The wood box was empty.

"Isn't that like Hugh!" she exclaimed. "He expects me to make things pleasant for his company, but he forgets all about mine. He makes me so mad!"

She hurried to the basement steps. At the bottom she stopped again and, putting her hands on her hips, stamped one foot in anger. "Well, I never!"

No wood was split for the range. There was a great rick of heavy chunks for the furnace, but they were beyond her strength; and anyway she could not have split them in the short time that remained.

"Good gracious!" she cried. "Honestly, Hugh is the most selfish person! Of course he forgot, but what right has he to forget, I'd like to know?"

Running angrily up the stairs, she crossed two neighboring back yards and stopped at the kitchen door of the third house. "Is Johnny in, Mrs. Martin?" she asked of the woman who answered her knock. "I want him to split some wood for me."

Johnny was not in, but a masculine voice at Mrs. Martin's elbow asked, "Can't I help?"

"This is my brother, Ralph Edwards, Miss Spencer," said Mrs. Martin, smiling.

Eva looked a little embarrassed, but she was desperate, and she hastily accepted the offer. Going across lots back to her house, she observed that Ralph Edwards was scarcely two inches taller than she but that he had an easy, muscular swing that somehow made him appear larger than he was. He laughed good-naturedly when she told him of her party and of her brother's sudden departure; she made matters appear as well as she could for Hugh, for even in her anger she did not care to make their personal differences public.



going to have company too. I won't forget any more. I'll—"

But much to his astonishment Eva jumped up and, running round the table, hugged him. "O Hugh, you're all right, if you do forget! I

guess we'll just have to worry along with each other the way we are. But it certainly is a joyful thought that when I settle down to housekeeping for good I'm going to do it with somebody else's brother!"

## BLACK EAGLES AND WHITE

By Archibald Rutledge

Chapter Three. A bird of ill omen

WHEN Lee Rawlins and I, having left Jim aboard the wreck of the Storm Queen, brought our sloop to anchor in the sound behind the point of Lesane Island we sent Charley Snow ashore in the small boat. We had eaten some sandwiches aboard and therefore decided not to have any mid-day meal; but sandwiches, however large and plentiful, had no attraction for Charley. He asked permission to boil for himself and for Ring—he used the raccoon as a shield for his own appetite—a pot of hominy, a head of cabbage and a two-pound chunk of fat bacon—all cooked together.

"Surely," I said to him. "You just go to it, Charley. We may scare you down here, but we aren't going to starve you to death. But don't you and that raccoon get into the provisions in general."

Having put the provisions and the boxed raccoon into the small boat, Charley shoved off for the shore, which was only a few yards away.

"Nature never repeats a man," I said to Lee as we watched the negro making for the shore. "There's not another man in the world like Charley Snow."

"She never repeats because one is usually enough," Lee replied and laughed. "Are we going ashore before we go back for Jim? We might take a turn on the front beach for an hour or so; we might even go down as far as what you call the slave tower. I'm curious to see that old place."

Somehow I thought that we ought not to leave the Waban, but, since I had no definite reason for thinking so, I hailed Charley, and he brought the small boat out to us. When we reached shore we found that the negro's deft fingers had already kindled a blaze and that his soup of corn meal, cabbage and fat bacon was beginning to simmer.

We made our way through the fragrant myrtle patches that covered the southern end of the island. As we had left the rifle with Jim we had no weapon except the shotgun, and I walked ahead with it, for we were in one of the narrow trails that the wild cattle had made.

Perhaps nowhere in the world are wild cattle bred more like African buffaloes than the cattle of Lesane Island are. For more than a hundred years since the place was first stocked no one has tried to tame them. Originally stocked with a few head of a fancy yet hardy breed, the island has supported the increase with astonishing success; there were then, I knew, more than two hundred head of wild cattle on Lesane. Occasionally a marauding poacher had killed one for beef; and in that manner the beasts had been hunted just enough to make them fear man. I did not doubt that the hound that we had heard running had been chasing the cattle; and, moreover, it appeared altogether likely that the two men whom Jim had seen near the slave tower might be dividing their time between stealing from the wreck offshore and laying in for themselves a supply of winter meat.

Lee and I were just rounding a thick clump of myrtles and were walking toward a marshy glade when I heard the cattle, and at the same time a stray wind gave me the strong and not unpleasant odor of them. I halted. "There are cattle just ahead, Lee," I said; "now we'll have to be pretty careful. There may be only one or two, and there may be twenty or thirty."

"How do you dodge a wild bull, Steve?" he asked, smiling. It was hard to make Lee Rawlins regard anything seriously when he was in one of his playful moods.

"The way to dodge him is to get out of his way," I answered rather testily; "but mind now, Lee, you'll have to clear yourself if one of those brutes should make for you."

"My middle name is Side-Step," he replied. Just then we came into the glade, which

was green and shaped like a cup; we were in full sight of the wild cattle. There must have been twenty-five or thirty head of them, and every one, keenly aware of our approach, was standing with its head toward us. Evidently they had been resting during the heat of the afternoon, lying down in the damp cool marshy grass of the glade. But on hearing us they had stood up and faced us. We were within six yards of the nearest and were twenty yards from the farthest. We stood quite still, and I suppose our eyes dilated at

was taking an unforgivably long time to do his part of the work. Then the thought occurred to me that I might save both of us further trouble if I should sink off quietly just as he had done. Of course all the while I had been standing full in sight of the cattle; he had been behind me, and they had not really had a fair look at him. However, my plan appeared to be worth trying.

I cautiously took one step backward. Instantly the whole herd like a black phalanx started eagerly forward. Each of the cattle seemed to take the same kind of swift, restless step, and, though they halted when I halted, they remained poised and ready to advance again. They reminded me of fingers on hair triggers. Clearly they had advantage of me. They were in the mood to charge; either to turn and run or to try to back silently away from them appeared foolhardy. Only by remaining motionless could I restrain them. My eyes were fixed on the small cow, which had changed her position slightly when the herd had moved forward.

Suddenly a heavy clod came hurtling over the low screen of myrtle bushes and struck the cow full on the nose. She blinked her black eyes and lowered her head quickly in pain. At the same instant another tussock

"Look, Steve, he's changing his course. He's heading out over the beach. He's flying toward the wreck!"

When we had first noticed the great snowy bird he had been clear of the woods and was following an easterly course above the beach. Then in what appeared like a fitful manœuvre he had changed direction and headed straight out to sea. To say that Lee Rawlins and I were pleased and excited does not begin to do justice to our feelings.

"Jim's guessed right. He'll have his chance! He'll have his chance!" cried Lee. "Jim will soon have the opportunity of a lifetime—a great pure albino eagle flying straight for him and perching over his head for a target!"

"Lee, we'd be close enough to see him make the shot if we were on the front beach," I said.

"The front beach then!" he exclaimed, turning to run through the myrtles toward the ocean. Then he paused. "You lead, Steve," he said. "You know the way. We'll make better time."

I led, and Lee followed close behind me. We ran the quarter of a mile through the winding pathways of the myrtle jungle until we came to the sand dunes; across those we raced without pausing until we came down upon the seabeach, which was pounded hard and was shining white. We stood side by side on the sands and gazed intently seaward. At first we could see nothing of the white eagle, and we began to fear that he might have changed his course again.

"Why, he's already there, Steve!" Lee said suddenly. "See him yonder on the right yardarm of the foremast? He's as big as life. Oh, what a chance Jim has!"

That moment surely was full of suspense for us, and we were certain that it must be a tense moment for the younger brother. Every instant we expected to see the great bird collapse and fall; on account of the roar of the breakers we were doubtful whether we should hear the report of the rifle. But to our astonishment the white eagle, strangely serene, kept his silent and solitary watch above the ocean.

"What's the matter?" Lee asked me. "Surely Jim must see him."

Almost breathless we waited while the slow moments passed.

"It's not like Jim to be off guard," said Lee, "and it's not like him not to take a chance like that. Steve, there's something wrong. I'm afraid something has happened to Jim."

"The thing for us to do," I answered, for I heartily shared Lee's fears, "is to get back to the Waban just as fast as we can and then make the wreck as quickly as the sloop will take us."

The distance back across the island was not more than three quarters of a mile, and we covered it in good time and badly frightened Charley Snow as we broke impetuously through the screen of bushes that fringed the camp.

"I done thought some more bulls been comin'," he said. But his face relaxed easily into a pleasantly drowsy expression. Charley had dined, and he was happy; all that he wanted to do was to sleep in the sun and to glisten amiably. We explained hurriedly to him that we were going to the wreck.

"Bring Cap'n Jim back with you," he said lazily as we pushed the dory from the shore.

Within five minutes we had the Waban in Anchor Sound. A stiff ten-knot breeze was kicking up a good sea, but the wind was fair for us, and we swept out swiftly toward the wreck.

"The white eagle's still there," said Lee as we drew closer to the stranded hulk.

When we were within three hundred yards of the Storm Queen the majestic bird took wing and flew shoreward once more. Though I did not say so to Lee, the albino had begun to have for me an eerie look, as if it were a symbol of mystery and of misfortune.

As we warped the sloop close to the wreck we shouted Jim's name; but only the silence of the sea answered us. Lee was first to board the wreck. He called to his brother; he looked everywhere in the old hulk. I climbed on the railing; then, having secured the sloop, we circled the deck space together and walked along the battered railing. Within the hulk were the same rotting ropes and rusted cables and smashed oars and casks that we had seen there a few hours before; but nowhere could we find a trace of Jim. I hardly dared to look Lee in the eyes; we both were terribly certain of one thing: Jim Rawlins was gone.

TO BE CONTINUED.



We raced without pausing until we came down upon the seabeach

sight of the cattle almost as much as the liquid black eyes of the cattle dilated at sight of us. As I had had several encounters with the creatures before—not all of which had by any means been favorable to me—I was very uneasy. If one charged us, all would charge; if one ran, all would stampede away.

Reaching back my hand in an attempt to keep the movement of it hidden from the cattle, I grasped the corner of Lee's coat and drew him up gently close behind me. Then, without turning my head, I began to whisper to him. "Do you see the small cow farthest away?" I asked.

"Yes; but I'd rather bronchobust that big bull."

"Well, I want you to creep round to the left through the bushes and gather a few cloddy tussocks as you go. Then I want you to throw them at the small cow's head so as to turn her and start her out of the place and down the path yonder. Do you understand me?"

"All right," he whispered.

With a good deal of skill he sidled backward until the dense clump of myrtles screened him. Then I could hear him going slowly and cautiously along a bypath to reach the small cow. She was a good deal smaller and slenderer than the others, and her appearance had led me to believe that she was nervous and could be readily turned. Great indeed was the contrast between her and the monster bull. As he stood facing me in an attitude of defiance his huge black bulk was as impressive as that of any wild creature I have ever seen.

The aspect of the herd bull and of the other cattle made me think that Lee Rawlins

struck her between her polished and gleaming horns. Confused and hurt, she turned slightly, whereupon Lee deftly struck her with another tussock upon her glossy black shoulder. Then she turned all the way round and straightway began to run. A moment later all the others, with wild uncertain eyes, whirled and followed her. Down the narrow pathway between the myrtles they stormed riotously, and as the last one was clearing the little glade I fired a charge of shot over them. Now that the cattle had made up their minds to run they needed only that noise to urge them to greatest speed.

Lee Rawlins, laughing and brushing the dust of the clods from his hands, broke through the edge of the thicket and joined me. "Where do they go from here?" he asked lightly. "They seem rather eager to get there, wherever they're going."

I listened to the thudding roll of the retreating hoofs and estimated that the cattle were swinging round to the right toward our camp. "Look here, Lee," I exclaimed, "those cattle are going straight for Charley and his camp!"

"And his soup! Oh, if I could only be there to see him run when they break into sight!" "He'll take care of himself."

"Yes, Charley will find a safe place," Lee agreed; "we shall probably see him sitting on top of the Waban's mast when we get back. But if those bosses take a notion to stampede through that rich stew of his, he'll be heartbroken. O Steve, look—look!" he suddenly exclaimed in a different voice and, turning, pointed to the sky above the dark wall of the cedars and pines behind us.

"The white eagle!" I cried. "My shot must have startled him."





Michael Collins

### FACT AND COMMENT

**THE IDLE MAN** kills time. Time kills the idle man.

That Talker uses Eloquence amiss  
Who argues, climbing down a Precipice.

**IN SPITE** of all differences in rank and education, one honest man is very like another.

"DON'T BURN COAL this year till long into November," says the old citizen of Little Lot; "buy a gas stove or a kerosene stove and plan to get through the chilly autumn mornings as best you can."

**THE DISPROPORTION** between the sexes varies greatly throughout Europe, but every country that has been at war has a large surplus of women. On the whole continent of Europe, according to English statistics, there is an excess of twenty-five million women.

**THE "CHINA"** telephone exchange of San Francisco is unique. The building is of Chinese architecture, the operators are Chinese girls, and the Chinese subscribers call by name instead of by numbers. The operators handle between seven thousand and eight thousand calls daily.

**WHAT HAS ALWAYS MADE** the helicopter a will-o'-the-wisp is the requirement that it shall be able to descend with the engine cut out without horizontal motion. When an airplane engine stalls the aeronaut can glide to safety, but to get a heavy machine safely down out of the clouds without horizontal motion is a much more difficult undertaking.

**RURAL WELFARE CENTRES** in America have a counterpart in recently organized "village clubs" in England and "foyers" in France. The purpose of the European associations is to provide social, recreational and intellectual advantages that the country communities have hitherto lacked. The campaign is to raise the standard of living and offer wider opportunities for culture, and so to make life happier.

**A FEW MONTHS AGO** the Mennonites left Canada for Mexico because the government of Manitoba insisted that English and not German should be the first language taught in their schools. However, the "liberty" of Mexico, where bandits raided and robbed them, was rather too much liberty; the Mennonites have asked Manitoba to take them back. The English language and a real government do not look so bad after all.

**BECAUSE IT BURNS** so easily, coke must be used differently from coal in the domestic furnace. It requires more air over the top of the fire, less under draft and less shaking. It is made from bituminous coal from which gas, tar, ammonia, oils and the like have been driven. The manufacturers say that such volatile substances would go up the chimney anyway, and therefore are of no use to householders. Coke mixed with a small amount of anthracite coal is said to give most satisfactory results.

**A SELF-OPERATING DEVICE** for making water run uphill does the work of a hydraulic ram in a different way. The apparatus converts the latent energy of a large quantity of water with a low head into a smaller amount of water with a high head. The lifting force comes from alternating pressure and suction brought about by an ingenious arrangement of tanks and pipes. The efficiency is about eighty per cent. The inventor's machine at Carshalton, England,

working on a fall of seven and a half feet, raises fourteen gallons of water twenty feet in each cycle of pressure and suction, which takes about three minutes.

### AN IRISH MARTYR

**THE** men who shot down Michael Collins from ambush were Irishmen, and among their friends, no doubt, are loud in proclaiming their love of country. But it is impossible to think of them except as enemies of Ireland; unwilling and unconscious enemies, perhaps, but enemies none the less.

Where is Ireland to turn for a leader to replace Griffith and Collins, who died within ten days of each other? Not to the rebels, certainly, who do not represent one tenth of the nation, and who have turned to assassination since they were defeated both at the polls and in the field. There are many men of ability attached to the Free State cause, but none of them have the hold on the people that the two dead leaders had. There may be one who has the personality and force of character to seize the reins and direct the new government through this most perilous crisis, but the world does not know where to look for him.

Michael Collins was a young man who at the age of thirty-one had made himself respected as a financier, an organizer, a military commander and a negotiator, and beloved as a leader and friend of his fellow countrymen. His murder has removed the chief hope of Ireland, the man who by gifts of mind and character was particularly fitted to guide the nation through the difficult years of its newly-won freedom. But those who slew him have struck even more deeply at the island they profess to love. They have shaken the faith of those who have believed that Irishmen could be trusted to use freedom nobly. They have given fresh arguments to everyone who holds that the Irish are unfit for self-government. Like the crime of Wilkes Booth, this crime exasperates by its stupidity as much as it shocks by its wickedness.

On the long roll of Irish martyrs Michael Collins will have high place; but he, unlike those who went before him, was slain by those who were his brethren, and of his own household.

### THE PROBLEM OF NATIONALITY IN EUROPE

**IT** has always been a principle of European liberalism that national feeling is continually likely to exceed the bounds of propriety and safety. It is the Tory parties that are most noisily patriotic. Liberalism always behaves respectfully toward internationalism. Lord Acton, most learned of British liberals, always thought modern enthusiasm over "nationality" the curse of Europe. Others of his party have been eager propagandists of the "United States of Europe," or with Tennyson have looked forward to the "Federation of the World."

Now that the war is over, with all its acute inflammation of national sensitiveness, we find the liberal beginning where he left off in 1914. At Williamstown Mr. Philip Kerr, one of the British delegates, told his colleagues in the Institute of Politics that the division of mankind into separate states is the chief and the inevitable cause of war. Mr. Norman Angell has publicly agreed with him. Mr. Herbert Sidebotham, a British journalist who "covered" the conference at Genoa, using as a text the fact that he had been mistaken there for an Italian or a Pole or a Frenchman, and that his daughter had been at different times taken for a Spaniard, a Pole, a Swede and a Frenchwoman, asserts that the much advertised racial distinctions in Europe are purely artificial, and that there is no reason why Europe as well as the United States should not be federated for the important purposes of life.

These men are perhaps too hard on nationalism and too hopeful of internationalism. Wars do break out for other reasons than mere national propinquity. There are even such things as civil wars. And whatever are the facts about race, there are differences of temperament, custom and political tradition among Europeans that make it expedient and perhaps necessary that the people be divided into nations.

But there are obviously more chances for a quarrel to arise among twenty-five independent states than among five. It is not yet certain that in bowing down before the principle of "self-determination" the Congress of Paris did not set up conditions in Central

Europe that will in the end make that region as dangerous a soil for breeding war as the Balkan states have proved to be. The liberals, who were all for self-determination, are already beginning to suspect as much.

A federated Europe can come into actual existence only through an amount of mutual understanding and good will that is not at present visible. It would have to be an exploit of pure intelligence. There is no natural bond of religion or language or political theory to unite all Europe. The people of some states, like Germany and Italy, are fiercely divided among themselves. Russia is at odds with almost all the rest of Europe. Nations that are nominally allies cannot agree on any course to take to restore sanity to politics and prosperity to trade.

It is not a promising time to propose doing away with national sovereignties. The League of Nations seems likely to offer only a mechanism for delaying hostile action and promoting arbitration. Europe has rarely seemed to be farther from agreement and federation than it seems now. But the dream of a united and pacified continent will not fade. The liberals everywhere cherish it. It may never be more than a dream, but it is hard to see how else Europe can escape from self-destruction.

### THE ETERNAL PRIVILEGE

**IN** these days when there is so distractingly much to know, when the possibilities of education are so unlimited, what impresses us most is how little time we have to learn. New facts, new lines of thought, crowd up about us, and we are helpless in our utter inability to grasp them. The sense of all we might acquire and do not overwhirls us chiefly with the feeling of our abject ignorance.

And ignorance is likely to bring discouragement, if not despair. People assert high-sounding theories of life and conduct, they proclaim their lofty creeds—creeds that seem to imply a certain knowledge of matters of which we can but feel that we know nothing. We listen with astonishment; but, knowing how ignorant we ourselves are of all these great affairs, we privately wonder whether others are not as ignorant as we, whether under all their sounding phrases there is not really quite as blank an emptiness as that which daily baffles us. And such doubt is likely to deaden life, to make us look at the dark side of things, slip involuntarily into a cold disbelief in the good and the beautiful, which alone give worth and significance to character and thought.

We should always remember that a humble lack of positive belief and a militant disbelief are totally different. Agnosticism is an aggressive ignorance, which shoulders a rough, destructive path through all the lovely things of life. But reverent humility is at all times compatible with hope. Of course there is a hope that is foolishly credulous. We all know the people who neglect proper precautions against evil, who say, "Oh, well, it will be all right," when they know it will be all wrong. There is a hope that is fatuously blind, that disregards the necessary limits of human nature and inevitably suffers from it. Yet, in spite of these practical considerations, we must bear in mind that in the vast uncertainty of life it is as easy to fix our thoughts on the brighter possibilities as on the darker and is far more profitable, especially as, in a measure, the mere habit of dwelling on the brighter helps to realize them.

Skepticism is in itself a sad and harassing state of mind; but at least we should never forget that the privilege of skepticism and its best excuse is eternal hope.

### THE CHOICE OF THE YOUNG

**IT** is always interesting to know what a group of boys and girls look forward to doing when the time comes for them to go out from school into the world. Circumstances often frustrate their ambitions, but at least we have learned how the rising generation would occupy itself if it could have its way.

The school department of Honolulu has recently been conducting an inquiry into that matter, and it has learned some things that are worth a moment's attention. Less than one in a hundred of the girls who were interviewed expressed any interest in becoming home makers or housekeepers, though four per cent liked the idea of becoming cooks or waitresses. Nearly half of them—forty-six in a hundred, to be exact—wanted to become professional people, teachers or doctors or dentists. Twenty-one per cent thought well

of stenography, typewriting and bookkeeping; fourteen per cent would like to be dress-makers or milliners; ten per cent, nurses or masseuses; and the few remaining wished to be musicians or farm workers or what not.

As for the boys, almost exactly half wanted to be mechanics, automobile drivers or electricians. Less than a hundred out of the nineteen hundred examined meant to engage in agriculture. Fifteen per cent had professional ambitions, not quite so many thought of being bookkeepers or stenographers, and the others chose such diverse occupations as journalism, "cow-punching," forestry, printing, music, following the sea and keeping store.

The things that are most noteworthy in the tabulation are the unpopularity of the very essential occupations of farming among the boys and housekeeping among the girls, and the strong tendency of the boys to turn to mechanical pursuits and of the girls to choose something in the professional or clerical way. No doubt a great many girls expect eventually to marry, and so to have a lot of housework and housekeeping to do. They are perhaps ashamed to set marriage down as their ambition in life, though their mothers and grandmothers would not have been. But do not their votes show that they would perform their housekeeping duties only as something inseparable from married life, and not because they really enjoyed them?

Of course these are only immature choices. As these young people grow into men and women, they will find reason to change their minds, perhaps more than once; and they will often find circumstances driving them into occupations which they do not at first care for, but with which they will in time become reasonably content. How many of us old fellows are doing what we dreamed of doing at fourteen? Nevertheless the way in which the boys and girls shy at farming and at housekeeping makes us wonder whether there is not something at fault with the education they are getting; a fault that is probably in the home quite as much as in the school.

### STABILIZING BUSINESS

**THE** supplying of consumers is the ultimate object of all business. Every business man is engaged, directly or indirectly, in supplying or helping to supply what consumers are willing to buy. The consumers' market therefore occupies a central position in our national economy. Most business men are compelled to adjust their plans and policies to the conditions of the consumers' market. When buying is active on that market, all business sooner or later speeds up. When buying is inactive on that market, all business sooner or later slows down. In short, when the consumers' market is stable, all business tends to become stable; and when the consumers' market is unstable, all business tends to become unstable.

There are several reasons why the consumers' market is unstable, but most of them grow out of the failure of consumers to buy according to a wise and definite plan. When they base their purchases upon regularly recurring needs rather than upon how much money they happen to have in their pockets or how rich they happen to feel, the consumers' market tends to be stable. When they do the opposite, it tends to become unstable. If, for example, farmers were to do all their buying in the fall as soon as their crop money comes in, the businesses that supply farmers would be very active in the fall. Having spent their money in the fall, farmers could not do much buying at other seasons of the year, and the businesses that supply them would be less active. Certain standard products can, of course, be produced and stored up during other seasons in anticipation of the fall trade, but others cannot because no one can tell long in advance just what the consumers' market will demand. This seasonal buying would necessarily produce a seasonal fluctuation in business. If, however, the farmers save their surplus money when it comes in and spread it evenly over the entire year, the consumers' market, so far as farmers affect it, will tend to become stable.

What is true of seasonal buying is also true of buying in what is known as the business cycle. There is a tendency on the part of many persons to spend their money for consumers' goods as fast as it comes in. Besides that they will buy consumers' goods on credit when they feel prosperous, not only buying all their incomes will pay for, but actually buying this year more than this year's incomes will pay for. Next year, or whenever dull times come, they must perforce buy less than their current incomes will pay



for, because they must use part of their incomes to pay for what they bought last year. That cannot help producing a very unstable consumers' market. So long as consumers do their buying by spells in that way, business men can scarcely do other than adjust their plans and policies to that situation. "Make hay while the sun shines," "Get while the getting is good," become the phrases of the day, and we continue to have periods of abnormally active, followed by periods of abnormally inactive, business.

If, however, consumers would behave toward the business cycle as most people have learned to behave toward the seasonal cycle, it would do a great deal toward stabilizing business and would tend, even, to eliminate the business cycle altogether. If, for example, consumers would buy according to their regularly recurring needs, saving their surplus money when they had a surplus, they would not buy so abnormally in good times. They would then have money to spend in dull times, if dull times ever came. The moderation in consumption in good times would, of course, make times less good from the point of view of the shortsighted business man. This free buying in dull times would also make those times less dull. In short, there would be much less unevenness in the business cycle.

### ASBESTOS

ONE of the most remarkable products of inorganic nature is that hard, heavy rock which yields a fibre as soft as silk. The Greeks named it asbestos, or the inextinguishable, because from it they made the wicks for their temple lamps.

It seems almost incredible that a rock can be beaten into fibre and the fibre spun into yarn and the yarn woven into fabric, and that pulp made from the rock can be converted into paper, but all those things can be done with asbestos.

The best quality of asbestos rock is a chemical combination of magnesium silicon oxide with either hydrogen, calcium or iron. The fibres formed by that combination have withstood the attack of the elements since the world began, and it is that quality of endurance together with the property of being a nonconductor of both heat and electricity which makes asbestos so useful.

Until comparatively recent years the rock was hardly more than an interesting specimen for the mineralogical collection. It was only when inventive genius, searching for heat-insulating material, began to experiment with the strange mineral that asbestos began to take a position of importance in the industrial world. Now it is used for so many purposes that modern manufacturing would be severely crippled without it.

The builder needs asbestos shingles, felt, millboard, flooring and paper; the automobile manufacturer uses asbestos tape, brake lining and packing; the steam fitter and the mason require asbestos for insulating pipes and boilers and to mix with cement, fireproof compounds and packing that have to withstand both heat and acids. Because of its nonconductivity it is used as a shield for both high and low temperatures and as an insulator in electrical work.

The rock that furnishes the greater part of the commercial asbestos comes from Quebec. The best fibre, that used for spinning and weaving, is separated from the matrix with hand hammers. The poorer rock is broken up by machines, and the short fibres obtained through that process are used to make felt, paper and millboard. Asbestos fibre is not so strong as cotton or flax, but manufacturers have succeeded in producing thread strong enough to meet the various requirements. Having been twisted into thread, the fibre is woven much as cloth is woven.



### CURRENT EVENTS

THE Department of Commerce has just issued some interesting statistical tables dealing with longevity in the United States. Judging from the twenty-four states where accurate figures were obtainable a white boy at birth may expect to live 55.23 years and a white girl 57.41. The expectation of life for a negro boy in the cities is less than thirty-eight years, and for a negro girl a little over forty years. The chances of life in the country may be greater than that, but not enough Southern states offer reliable vital statistics to give us the information. The expectation of life is still increasing. Since 1910 it has

increased about three years, largely through better control of infections and infantile disorders. Kansas has the distinction of offering its children the longest lives. There the men live, on an average, to be 59.73 years old and the women to be 60.89 years old. Next comes Wisconsin and next Minnesota. Washington stands first among cities and Los Angeles comes second. Pittsburgh is at the bottom with 47.16 years of life for its men and 50.42 for its women.

AT the direction of the Attorney-General of Illinois a grand jury is investigating the murders at Herrin, and the Illinois Chamber of Commerce has raised a sum of money to be spent in causing the detection and prosecution of the criminals.

THE seaplane Sampaio Correia, which left New York to fly by stages to Rio de Janeiro, was wrecked in landing on the water near the Windward Passage. The crew of five were saved by the U. S. S. Denver. At the same time word came that the British aviators who were trying to fly round the world had come to grief between Calcutta and Rangoon, and that they would not attempt to resume their journey. Flying still has its hazards.

THE astronomers at Mount Wilson have been conducting some interesting experiments to determine the heat of such giant suns as Betelgeuse, Capella and Aldebaran. They have decided that it is approximately 10,000 degrees Centigrade, or 18,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Coal strikes would be nothing to worry about in that neighborhood.

DRIVEN from his own city of Canton, Sun Yat-sen appears in Shanghai, and, if the press dispatches are correct, is being consulted and propitiated by General Wu and President Li at Peking. It appears that those gentlemen are finding the old disorganizing influences of the northern capital so strong that they begin to despair of doing anything with the national parliament. Sun, although he has often been found difficult and opinionated, has a wider education and more worldly experience than anyone in the Peking government. He is moreover to the Chinese a symbol of reform and of modernism in government. No progressive party in China seems able to do without him, though no other public man can get along with him for very long.

THE proposal to add representatives of the mine owners and mine workers to the "fact finding" commission that the President asked Congress to authorize seems intended to overthrow the purpose of the commission. Such a body ought to be made up of intelligent and wholly impartial men, who could listen to all the evidence that was offered by either side but might conceivably arrive at a calm and judicial conclusion. The presence of operators and miners on the board would make it a mere debating club and insure a divided and probably a valueless report. The commission is meant to investigate the industry from top to bottom. The impropriety of putting those who are to be investigated in charge of the investigation ought to be apparent.

MORE information has come across the sea about the machines in which the German aviators made the remarkable gliding or sailing records. The Companion referred to last week. The Vampire, in which Hentzen sailed about for three hours, is said to look like a huge, angular, "futuristic" sea gull. The ends of the wings can be warped from the pilot's seat, so as to adjust them to the changing air currents. The tips of these wings taper to a very fine point, whereas the middle and the part near the rump or body of the machine is very much broader and thicker. The wing span of the German machines is from seven to fifteen metres, and the wings carry a surface load of ten or twelve kilograms to the square metre. Some of the sailers have wings that are not flat or slightly curved, but are bent sharply in the centre, like the roof of a house. The lifting force that drives a plane onward and upward against the wind is the result of the movement of air over the top of the wing and then downward under the thickened part of the wing. In that way whirlpools of air are formed, which have a reversed motion and tend to raise the machine and push it forward against the wind.

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How to Signal  
by Wigwag



# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

## THE OBSTINATE LEMON

By CARRIE BELLE BOYDEN

BARBARA was reading under the lemon tree in the back yard. It seemed strange to look up and see lemons growing like apples; she had not been in California long enough to get used to the sight.

Barbara was much pleased with her new home. The only trouble with it, she thought, was there was no one to play with, but that was a serious trouble. There seemed to be few children of her own age anywhere round.

As she read she thought she noticed a stir in the yard of the vacant house next door, which was separated from her own yard by a tall hedge that was too thick for her to see through; but after a while, deep in her book, she forgot everything else.

"Barbara, where are you?" her mother called later on. "I need another lemon to make the jelly. Will you bring me one?"

"Yes, mother," Barbara called back. "I'm right here under the lemon tree now."

She looked up into the tree. How strange to pick a lemon just as she was accustomed to picking a pear or a peach! But all of the fruit had been gathered from the lower branches, she found. The nearest lemon, a large tempting one, hung far out of her reach on a limb by itself. By jumping she managed to catch hold of the end of the limb, but, though she shook it hard, the lemon did not fall.

"All right," said Barbara, "if you won't come down when I invite you, I'll go up and bring you down."

The lemon tree grew directly beside the hedge, but that did not help Barbara, for the hedge was as high as her shoulder and could not have given her a foothold anyway. There was nothing to do except climb the tree.

When she had got almost within reach of the lemon the limb on which she was standing began to give way. She tried to save herself, but the limb went down and carried her with it. Scrambling and clutching, she felt herself strike the hedge and then drop softly into the grass below. She scrambled to her feet unhurt, thankful to have got off without harm, and, brushing the twigs from her hair, went running across the yard.

"I shall have to get the stepladder!" she called as she rushed into the kitchen. "Mother, that obstinate old lemon—"

She stopped short. How queer the kitchen looked! Mother had finished unpacking long ago; why was the room littered with packing cases and excelsior?

A large rough-coated dog came running in; at sight of Barbara she stopped short with an astonished look.

But he was no more astonished than Barbara, who, without a word, stepped up hastily on the highest packing case.

The dog wagged his tail doubtfully and then went nosing round the room.

"Well, he's making himself at home, I must say," Barbara thought.

Just then a tall boy entered; he started a little when he saw Barbara standing on the packing case. "How do you do?" he said, lifting his hat.

Barbara bowed rather awkwardly on her perch; she wondered why he did not explain what he wanted in her kitchen.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked the boy courteously.

"Well, of all things!" thought Barbara. She wanted to reply, "Can I do anything for you?"

"Don't be afraid of Comrade," the boy went on. "He is the friendliest dog in the world." Then he added, "My mother is out, but won't you walk into the sitting room?"

Barbara stared at him; then she looked round the room again. She had never felt so strange in her life. That was not the familiar range in the corner, and she had never seen the blue pitcher on the cupboard shelf. She got down slowly from the packing case.

"I am Barbara Lewis from No. 10 Shade Street," she faltered. "Will you please tell me where I am?"

The boy laughed. "You are at No. 12



## THE WOODFIELD EXCHANGE

By HARRISON LONG

*The Woodfield telephone exchange,  
When first it was installed  
The happy hoppy Woodfield folk  
Just called and called and called.  
The whole place for a solid week  
Did nothing else but speak, speak, speak.*

*If you had chanced to wander by  
"Hello!" you would have heard;  
"Hello! Please give me Beetlebug"  
Or "Mrs. Ladybird."  
Or "Hello, hello! Mr. Frog  
Would speak to Mistress Polliwog."*

*Jack-in-the-Pulpit screamed away  
To Dr. Bumblebee  
And thought he must have grown quite  
deaf,  
So few replies made he.  
(From half past eight to half past nine  
Bad Bennie Bee was on the line.)*

*"Hello, hello!" Tom Turtle cried;  
Fred Fieldmouse cried, "Hello!  
I've paid my five good barley seeds—  
What's wrong, I'd like to know?"  
And as for Miss Felicia Fay,  
She simply telephoned all day.*

*Miss Spider at the switchboard stayed;  
She could not get away.  
'Twas "Number, please," and "Number,  
please,"  
For her the livelong day.  
"Dear me," she murmured with a frown,  
"They ought to name this Talky Town."*

*Good reader, on some sunny day  
When meadow-ward you're going,  
If suddenly you hear a soft  
Hello-ing and hello-ing,  
Continue calmly with your walking—  
It's just the Woodfield people talking.*

Shade Street," he said, "where my family is just moving in to live. My name is Harry King."

Barbara slowly began to understand. "Do you know what I believe I've done?" she asked. "I fell out of our lemon tree and landed in the wrong yard without knowing it. I thought this was our own kitchen and that you and the dog were crazy."

They both had a hearty laugh, and Barbara said, "I never called on anyone in such a queer way before."

"Well," Harry answered, "I'm sorry you had a tumble, but I'm glad we got acquainted. I was lonesome."

"I'm glad to have you for a neighbor; I was so lonesome too," said Barbara. Then she added, "I must get that obstinate lemon."

Harry got the lemon for her without a stepladder. And that afternoon he came over with Comrade at his heels and had some of the jelly.

## PETER'S PATTY

By NANCY BYRD TURNER

THERE is an old rime that tells about the wife of Peter Pumpkin-Eater—that she was such a gadabout that at length her husband shut her up in a pumpkin shell to cure her. Well, Peter's daughter, Patty, was a worse gadabout than her mother. She used to run away from home just for the fun of the thing, and sometimes she would get lost too.

One day, after Peter had brought her home for the third time in a week, he went walking over the hills until he came to a little brown house at the edge of a little brown wood. A little woman dressed in brown and a little brown dog came to the door. More than once Peter had gone to that little old woman for advice.

"Good morrow, mother," he said and began at once to unfold the tale of his trouble.

When he had finished the old woman said, "You've been to me before with a question like this. Do you remember my answer?"

Peter blinked. "Pumpkin shell?" he asked. "Pumpkin shell," the old woman answered in a positive voice.

Peter thought the matter over. "Well, I suppose so," he said at last. "It cured her mother." Then he trudged home.

That afternoon he went into his pumpkin field—he was a famous pumpkin raiser—and rolled a huge pumpkin back to the house.

All this happened long ago of course, when people were very much smaller than they are now and pumpkins were very much larger.

He locked himself up in the woodshed, and with a sharp knife cut off the top part of the pumpkin and then scraped out the inside. Soon a big, empty shell stood before him. He made two small holes in the sides, and after that he cut some long strips of stout paper and took a bottle of very strong cement from the shelf. Then he went to the door and called Patty.

But in the short time that she had been left alone Patty had run away again.

"She has gone after wild flowers," said Patty's mother.

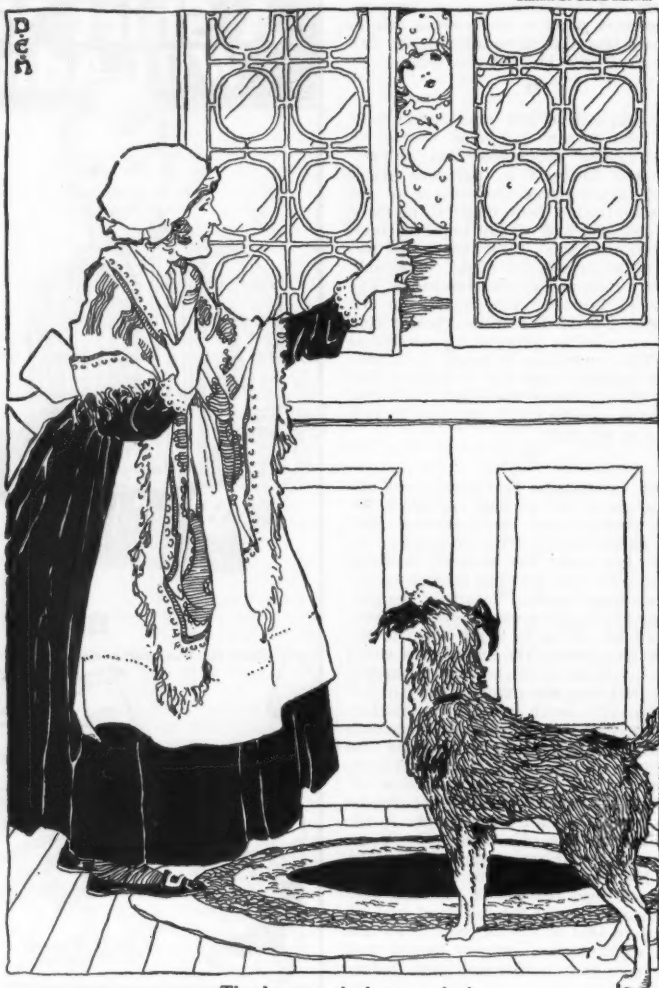
"Gone after wild flowers, has she?" said Patty's father. And then he went after Patty.

He found her a mile from home and brought her back in silence. When he reached the woodshed he spoke.

"My daughter," he said, "a wise woman has told me that the best cure for running away is imprisonment for a day or two in an empty pumpkin shell." Here he threw the door of the shed wide open. "You will be comfortable in this pumpkin. Three times a day I shall bring you your meals, and twice a day I shall let you out to stretch your legs. Perhaps after a while you will make up your mind to stop running away."

Patty struggled; but her father was firm, and into the pumpkin shell she went. Then Peter fitted back into the hole the piece that he had cut out and cemented the strips of strong paper over the crack.

He had lined the shell with smooth, dry material and had put in a small cushion. The little holes gave air enough, and there was plenty of room. But Patty pretended to be



The door was slowly swung back



## THE WALNUT TREE

By MARY EARLE HARDY

Farmer Hicks, he said to me:  
"There's a story in that tree."

"Once a princess sweet and good  
Was a prisoner in this wood."

"Never any light of day  
Lit the cell in which she lay."

"And the prison dark as night  
Hid her well from human sight."

"But there came a gallant knight  
Wearing helmet silver-white;

"Found the prison in the glen  
Hidden from the eyes of men;

"Broke its walls,—so strong was he,—  
Set the little princess free."

Then said Farmer Hicks to me,  
Pointing to the walnut tree:

"'Tis a riddle that I tell—  
The prison was a walnut shell."

"Frost, the knight, with armor bright  
Broke it open to the light."

"And the princess, that is she,  
Grown to be a walnut tree!"

having a dreadful time. She kicked and screamed and made such a racket that at length Mrs. Pumpkin-Eater said, "Peter, if you must punish that child, please do it farther away from the house."

So Peter very gently pushed the big pumpkin down to the front gate. Then he took his seat a little distance away, for he could not bear to leave his little daughter by herself.

Of course Patty was ashamed to kick and scream right on the side of the road; so she quieted down, and after a while she fell asleep. Peter too went to sleep; and Mrs. Peter, looking out of the window and seeing everything peaceful, put on her bonnet and went to walk.

Along the road two travelers came jogging—John the Pieman, driving his donkey cart full of pies to the fair, and Simple Simon, who had joined him on the way. The two saw the big pumpkin at the same time, but they did not see Peter, who was hidden by a bush.

"I wonder why Peter left that big pumpkin there?" John said.

"For you to take to the fair of course," said Simple Simon. "He knows you are going to sell pumpkin pies; why not pumpkins?"

"Why not, indeed?" rejoined John the Pieman, who thought his companion knew what he was talking about. Whereupon the pair lifted the pumpkin into the cart and drove away with it; and Peter, still asleep behind the bush, never stirred.

Neither, strange to say, did Patty. Curled up in the soft bottom of the big pumpkin, she slept peacefully; nor did she wake even when the pumpkin was lifted out at the fairgrounds and placed on a large table in one of the booths. But after a while she sat up and began to yawn. A sweet little voice was speaking close by.

"I think I will take this very large one," the voice was saying. "That is, if you will deliver it at my gate, Mr. Pieman."

"O dear!" thought Patty Pumpkin. "Where am I, and what is happening?"

She sat very still in her strange prison, afraid to move, much more to speak. Strong hands lifted the pumpkin and set it down in another place; wheels moved under her, a dog barked. Then the same little sweet voice said, "Just raise my kitchen window when you get there, Mr. Pieman, and set the pumpkin on the floor."

Patty's heart was beating hard when at last the cart stopped and the pumpkin was once more lifted out. Presently she felt that it was being lowered softly and set on the floor; then all was silent except for the ticking of a clock somewhere near and the soft purring of a big cat.

"Well," said Patty to herself, "this is a pretty how-dy-do!"

All at once the dozing cat was roused by a curious sight. The big pumpkin under the window began to wobble and to rock; presently it tipped entirely over.

"One thing is certain," said a voice from within the pumpkin, "I'm not going to stand this any longer!"

To the astonishment of the cat the pumpkin popped wide open and a little figure came rolling out, and then sat up and blinked. The cat, after jumping several inches into the air, sat down and blinked back.

"Well," said Patty. "Now that I'm out, where am I, and what shall I do?"

The cat began to pur again, and the clock went on ticking. Presently there was a sound of a gate shutting, and a dog began to bark.

"That's the very same dog I heard a little while ago," she thought. "Deary me, I must do something!"

She cast a quick look round the room. There was a tall old cupboard over in the corner, and she made for it. The lower part was full of pots and pans, but the upper shelves were empty. Patty climbed to the upper part and stepped in. She had scarcely

shut herself in when a key sounded in the lock and the kitchen door opened.

"Well, well!" said a voice. "If my pumpkin hasn't fallen in two!" There was a pause; then the voice added, "Why, it's hollow! How strange!"

The dog began to bark again; it was the same dog, Patty knew, that she had heard on the fairgrounds. She peered through a crack. "I wonder who the old lady is?" she said to herself. Presently she heard the dog sniffing round the cupboard.

"Poor Mr. Punch," said the old lady. "So hungry, I know! Well, well, accidents will happen, though I must say this is a most peculiar one. You shan't go without your dinner just because I've lost my big pumpkin. Perhaps there's a soup bone for you in the cupboard."

Now, indeed, Patty trembled. It was bad enough to be shut up in a pumpkin; it was worse to be carted off to a fair like a common vegetable; and surely it was worst of all to be discovered sitting on a cupboard shelf in a strange house.

"O me," she thought miserably, "if I ever get out of this scrape I'll stay at home for the rest of my life!"

The old lady had reached the cupboard; her hand was on the knob.

"Good Mr. Punch," she said. "I hope there's a soup bone for you."

Mr. Punch thumped his tail; the door was slowly swung back. Then—

"My, my!" cried the old lady.

"Wow, wow!" barked Mr. Punch wildly.

"Please, ma'am!" cried Patty. "Please!"

Well, the worst was over then. There was a good deal of excitement for a while, but at last Patty was safe on the floor.

She looked piteously at the old lady. "I—I didn't expect to come into your house, ma'am," she stammered. "Much less into your cupboard. I came here in—I came in—in—"

She faltered and could say no more.

The old lady, who was very plump and kindly, looked steadily at her queer little guest.

"You came here in a pumpkin," she said.

Patty was astonished. "O ma'am, how did you know?"

The old lady smiled. "Well, I do know," she answered. "Aren't you Peter Pumpkin-Eater's Patty?"

Patty nodded. "Oh," she said suddenly, "you must be the wise old lady who—"

"I am Mother Hubbard," said the old lady, "and sometimes parents come to me for advice." Then she gave her guest some luncheon, found a piece of meat for the dog and set out some milk for the purr cat.

When anxious Peter Pumpkin-Eater came a-searching he found his daughter eating a slice of bread and butter covered with blackberry jam.

Patty was sorry for what she had done. "I will never run away again, father," she said. Then she added, "But since I had to be carried off in a pumpkin, I'm thankful it was to such a nice place."

"You must come to see us again," said Mother Hubbard, "me and Mr. Punch and the cat."

"I will," Patty promised. "But not in a pumpkin, I hope." She looked into her father's kind face. "And not," she added sweetly, "without permission."

## FALL VISITORS

By CLARIBEL WEEKS AVERY

A little band of Yellow leaves  
In garments gay to see  
Have come to frolic with the Greens  
That cling to Mother Tree.

Oh, little leaves are hard to please,  
As Mother Tree confesses,  
For since the Yellows came her flock  
All want to change their dresses!



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## ANCESTORS

By Ethel Brooks Stillwell



My life may seem but a small gray thing, but  
gray, as you understand,  
May come of a thousand brilliant hues com-  
bined by a master hand.  
Rare bright tapestry threads run through this  
little gray life of mine—  
Cool strong linen threads, warm soft wools and  
silken ones rich and fine.  
Threads of ancestors! Meek or bold, venture-  
some, staid or gay,  
A living spirit of every one thrills on through  
my soul today.

Great-Great-Grandfather Godfrey—a marvelous  
thread for him!  
Through blood and flame to a deathless name  
that time can never bedim;  
Godfrey battled at Bunker Hill, eager and young  
and bold.  
Ah, what a thread is Godfrey's now, scarlet and  
flame and gold!

Fair young Patty was Godfrey's bride, courteous,  
sweet, serene;  
Shining silver this thread of hers, shadowed with  
rose and green.

Whence is this small black thread of fear—this  
impulse to count the cost?  
Was there a craven weakening once? 'Tis well that  
his name is lost!  
Well that his small black thread to me is banded  
and crossed again  
By splendid purples from grand old James, who  
marched with his marching men  
From black defeat at the Brandywine to victory  
on Champlain!  
James fought Indians, founded forts, conquered  
by hand and brain.

Winsome Nancy with auburn curls, Timothy  
bold and gay,  
Proud old Aaron and gentle John, Cynthia quaint  
and gray,  
Down the line to a slim young lad, whose blood  
of the pioneers  
Called him to conquer the untamed West, a  
struggle of forty years.  
Aye, and he conquered! Through fire and blood,  
hunger and pain and cold—  
George, my father, who spun for me this thread  
of the purest gold.

Anne, whose wonderful eyes held fires of fancy  
and poeise,  
Anne, who never had time to write, but handed  
her dream to me.

George, my father, my mother, Anne, your  
threads with an equal pride  
I take and pattern as best I may, weaving them  
side by side,  
Pass them proudly to George, my son, striving  
to hold them true.  
Ah, will he ever look back to me as I look back  
to you!

Threads of ancestors! Grave and gay, venture-  
some, meek and bold,  
Living still in the rainbow skein my wondering  
fingers hold.

Far in the dim uncertain years, how shall the  
pattern grow?  
What of the thread I shall add to these? Not I  
but my sons shall know.

## RESOLUTION HARVEST

"HELLO, John!" said the man in the bug-  
gy. "Things are looking bright these  
days, aren't they? Just see those apple  
trees! They are bending down with fruit; I  
never saw finer apples. There will be a good  
second cutting of hay too. Everything is in fine  
shape."

"Well, now, you are right for the most part;  
but my corn is not going to make more than  
two thirds of a crop. And what bothers me most  
is that the fault is mainly with myself. The  
apples here in the West have not suffered with  
the blight as they have in so many other places;  
they make their fruit without much attention  
from anyone. It is the same with hay. But corn  
must have care, or it will not amount to much.  
I had good seed corn this year, and we have had  
a fairly good season; but I let other things keep  
me out of the field just when it needed the  
cultivator. The ground became hard, and the  
weeds got a start."

The man in the buggy drove on. As he thought  
of the words of his friend he remembered an-  
other planting of six of seven months before;  
he had been wondering why the fruit was not  
more plentiful. "Perhaps," he said to himself,  
"John has given me the answer. I am sure I had  
good seed. The resolutions that I made at the  
first of the year must have pleased the Lord,  
and I am sure that it was to honor Him that I  
planned a better life; but it is not all that I  
hoped for when I planted my resolutions in  
my heart. The trouble has been that I have let  
other interests keep me out of that particular  
field when I should have been putting extra time  
and special effort there. Like corn, resolutions  
will not grow without cultivation. I am going

to make a new resolution right now: to put my  
best efforts into cultivating the planted seed in  
my life, and with the grace and the blessing of  
the God of the Harvest I shall have a good  
year."



## THE BALLOON MAN

THE children, whose eyes are clear, called  
him the old balloon man. On their way to  
school there was another man who looked  
much like him except that his eyes were bright  
and twinkling; they never called him old.

The children were right of course. The balloon  
man was old—old because on his long journey  
through the years he had lost the beautiful com-  
rades of youth—love, hope and ambition. The  
persons who for a little while had taught him  
love had become a dim memory; there never  
had been anyone except her. For a while he had  
tried to do things for her sake; then illness had  
come. For years he had sold balloons; his only  
forward-looking thought was to buy an occasion-  
al hot dinner; his only emotion was bitterness  
toward the younger men who also sold balloons  
and toward the other old man whom the chil-  
dren never called old. "Older'n me, he is," he  
would mutter to himself. "Five years older'n  
me. And acting like he was forty!"

And then one day Marjorie Allen dragged her  
adored visiting cousin to buy of the old man. "I  
like him," Marjorie declared.

"Then we surely must buy of him," her  
cousin Allie replied. "We'll buy a balloon made  
of a little piece of the sky."

Marjorie gave an ecstatic skip; she knew that  
her cousin would understand.

Cousin Allie, looking into the tired old face with  
the dreary eyes, felt a sudden lump in her throat.  
Gay dancing color in his hands; little dancing  
children all round him—and a face like that!  
"They are such beautiful things," she said,  
watching while he detached a blue balloon from  
his bunch. "I never have outgrown my love for  
them."

"They're right pretty," he answered dully.  
"Have the children a favorite color?"

He shook his head. "I dunno. I reckon it  
don't make much difference."

Cousin Allie tied the string of the blue balloon  
carefully round one of the buttons of Marjorie's  
coat; but she was not thinking of Marjorie. "It  
is such a beautiful thing to be doing," she said  
to the old man softly, "making little children  
happy with clean and beautiful things, even  
making a street corner happy! You must love  
doing it. So many people haven't time to make  
children happy, and so many others do the  
wrong things."

The old man stared at her in dull astonish-  
ment. "I dunno," he muttered.

"Haven't you ever thought of it? It's such a  
happy way to think of it! It's wonderful to be  
a friend to children. They'd miss you, the whole  
street would miss you, if you weren't here."

The old man looked after her and then looked  
at the dime that was lying in his knotted hand.  
Putting it into his pocket, he slouched back into  
his old attitude; but there was something differ-  
ent in the dim eyes, a shade less of hopelessness  
and indifference.

"It's wonderful to be a friend to children.  
The whole street would miss you —"



## THE SKUNK'S LAST SECOND

OLD MAN JONES, writes a contributor,  
was a mongrel dog. He had come to the  
Merrill house one rainy morning and from  
that day had lived his own life and kept himself  
apart from the farm stock and poultry. Besides  
Miss Merrill and the members of the family he  
had only two friends, a gray-striped tomcat and  
a hen. Those two were welcome to his dish of  
food at any time, but woe to the other cats or  
hens that dared presume!

One evening in late summer Miss Merrill  
called suddenly to a young minister who was  
boarding at the house: "Come quick! There is  
something chasing Old Man Jones all round the  
dooryard."

The minister discovered that a young skunk  
had entered the yard to get the chickens and  
was chasing the dog. Old Man Jones seemed  
afraid to attack.

The best thing to do apparently was to shoot  
the skunk. So Miss Merrill got an old shotgun  
and a box of shells. But either the powder was  
damp or the shells were too old. Not one would  
explode.

Meanwhile the skunk had circled and was on  
the other side of the house, and the big tomcat,  
the firm friend of Old Man Jones, had joined the  
attack. He came running low with his body  
near the ground; his tail was greatly enlarged  
and was sticking straight out behind. His eyes  
never left the skunk. Silently and seemingly  
without effort he sprang to the top of a pile of  
lumber seven feet high and perhaps ten feet from  
the intruder.

"I guess," said the minister, "we'll have to  
set the dog on the skunk."

Though Miss Merrill did not like the idea  
much, she finally said, "Sic 'em, Jones, sic 'em!"

The dog sprang forward, and the skunk turned  
to face him. But, though Jones was barking  
loudly, he was unwilling to press the fight.

Suddenly the tomcat launched himself through  
the air and like a gray streak shot straight for  
the striped body. He struck the skunk and carried  
it for perhaps ten feet along the ground; then,  
without pausing for an instant, he left his prey  
and rushed under the barn. Old Man Jones  
pounced upon the lifeless body of the skunk and,

biting it just once, ran round the corner of the  
house. So did the minister and Miss Merrill, and  
they met the dog coming back. He seemed very  
sick and looked up at them as if to say, "What  
made you ask me to do it?"

Later the minister buried the skunk, which  
was completely disemboweled; his whole under  
part was in threads. The big tomcat had killed  
him in less than a second! To realize how  
quickly the skunk died just watch a big tomcat  
when he is running as fast as he can. The time  
that it takes him to go a distance of ten feet  
is a little more than the time he will spend  
killing a skunk when he is angry.



## ODE TO SPRING—AND ALL THAT

THIS exceedingly modern ode to the vernal  
season gives the American reader an amu-  
sing sample of the kind of slang that the  
English "nut" uses. Compare it with that which  
Mr. George Ade has made so famous in this  
country and you will find it less apt and pic-  
turesque but rather better mannered. Mr. Des-  
mond Carter writes the verses for the London  
Opinion.

Er—Spring!  
You perfectly priceless old thing!  
I'm frightfully bucked at the signs that one sees;  
The jolly old sap in the topping old trees;  
The priceless old lilac, and that sort of rot;  
It jolly well cheers a chap up, does it not?  
It's so fearfully bright,  
So amazingly right,  
And one feels as one feels when one feels rather  
light.  
There's tang in the air,  
If you know what I mean,  
And the grass, as it were,  
Is so frightfully green.  
We shall soon have the jolly old bee on the wing—  
Er—Spring.

Old fruit!  
You've given old Winter the boot.  
The voice of the tailor is heard in the land  
(I wonder what my rotten credit will stand?),  
And the birds and the flow'rs (but especially the  
birds!)  
Will be looking too perfectly priceless for words.  
We shall have to get stocks  
Of new ties and new socks,  
And of course we must alter the jolly old clocks;  
So a young fellow's fancy  
Turns nat'rally towards  
The river and Nancie,  
Or Betty and Lord's.  
In fact, as I said, you're a priceless old thing—  
Er—Spring.

Old bean!  
It's, well, it's, you know what I mean.  
It's time I was oiling the jolly old bat,  
So, cutting a long story short and all that,  
The theme of this jolly old song that I sing  
Is—er—jolly old Spring!



## MR. PEASLEE CLEARS THE DECKS

"WHERE'S Caleb?" demanded Deacon  
Hyne, peering and blinking from the  
dazzling sunshine of the dooryard into the  
comparative dusk of Mrs. Peaslee's kitchen.  
"I want to borrow his wheelbarrow."

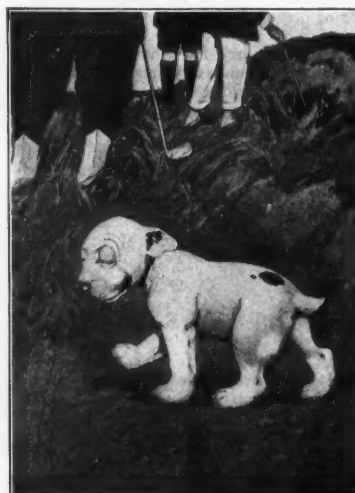
Mrs. Peaslee wiped her hands deftly upon her  
apron and whisked open the door of the oven.  
"He's down back of the barn somewhere," she  
replied, glancing over her shoulder as she bent  
to turn a pie. "You follow down till you see a  
smoke and like enough you'll find Caleb there  
or near there. But I don't believe you'll get the  
wheelbarrow," she added.

Mildly wondering, the deacon bent his steps  
toward the smoke. Sure enough, behind the  
barn he found Caleb, whose already bandy legs  
were still more bent under a burdened wheel-  
barrow. "A load," thought the deacon, "fit for  
a twelve-hundred hoss!"

It was indeed a load! There were barrels with  
staves missing, chairs with only three legs, a  
broken clotheshorse, a split yoke beam and  
other odds and ends, all of which Caleb over-  
turned upon the fire that was burning with  
pale briskness in the bright glare of the sun.

"What you tryin' to do, Caleb?" the deacon  
asked. "Looks 'sif you was tryin' to git rid of  
your housin' stuff faster'n you could if you  
had an auction."

## THE LOST BALL



—G. E. Studly in the Sketch.

Caleb paused to lower the wheelbarrow and  
to mop his face vigorously with his denim  
sleeve. "I'm doin' somethin'," he replied suc-  
cinctly, "that any man with a set of buildings  
ought to do at least twice a year, spring and  
fall; I'm burnin' up a lot of stuff that I've  
saved for twenty years with the idea that mebbe  
sometime I'd find a use for each namable thing.  
And I've never found such a time nor such a  
use, not one single time, I ain't!"

"My wife's give me many a talkin' to about  
it," he continued, "and she's took pains to pint  
out to me that of all the broken chairs and such  
I've stowed away not one thing has ever come  
into use again. Every now and again she'd bring  
it up, and each time I've had to admit that up to  
then she had the best of the argument, but I'd  
try to make her see that the time might come the  
very next day when she'd be glad and thankful  
I'd been so prudent and savin'."

"In the course of the years things have gather-  
ed to such a degree that I've been bothered to  
find a place to stow 'em all; the attic's full, and  
also one shed chamber, and I've been hard put  
to find room for a lot of 'em in the wagon shed  
and barn. And a barn or wagon shed, no matter  
how big, will hold only about so much; so I  
got to leavin' some of my heavy farmin' tools  
outside, harrows and plough and such like."

"But yest'day when I went to use my sulky  
plough and found it rusted to the pint where I  
couldn't turn the mouldboard over I come to a  
realizin' sense that mebbe I'd better house some  
of the things I'd paid money for and had to use  
every day, so to say, and git rid of some of the  
things I'd never found a use for and prob'ly  
never would use. I was cal'latin' to keep it  
kind of private from my wife, but I'd hardly got  
the fust lot out of the wagon shed and teched a  
match to it when she saw the smoke and started  
out to see what the matter was; and sech a laugh  
as that woman took the license to have!"

"Now," says she, 'bein' you've got started to  
burn those things you've been pilin' up and  
treasurin' for years, I want you should make a  
clean job of it. Take all that old stuff out of the  
attic and in the room over the kitchen and  
shed,' she says. 'There's stuff in there that's been  
there for thirty years, and I've had to climb over  
it and move it every time I've cleaned house;  
and now's the time to clear it out.'"

"So I've been doin' it," said Caleb, taking up  
the handles of his wheelbarrow again. "And  
I should guess by workin' snug I'd jest about git  
cleverly finished with the job come early supper  
time. I'm workin' to that end anyway."

"But," said the deacon, pointing to a second  
pile of broken furniture that was heaped as high  
as a man's head and was still untouched by the  
fire, "what's your idea of havin' two fires? Why  
not burn it all in the one heap?"

Caleb glanced half in apprehension and half  
in amusement toward the house, and when he  
spoke it was in a cautiously lowered tone. "That  
second pile," he said, "ain't things I've saved at  
all; they're things my wife's put by. But she'd  
never own up to it if I jest told her of it; so I'm  
savin' 'em to show her I ain't the only one that's  
cluttered up the place. She'll have to b'lieve it  
when she sees 'em!" He seized the handles of  
his wheelbarrow resolutely. "But I ain't lottin'  
on showin' 'em to her till after I've made sure  
she's got supper ready!" he added.

## TURTLE TALES

FATHER'S first experience with a turtle,  
writes a correspondent, came in the summer  
that he was five years old. He and two of  
his sisters were at their grandfather's farm and  
had gone to a small pond to get sweet flag to eat.  
The pond always dried up almost entirely in hot  
weather. While the three children were busy a  
patch of mud, moss and tiny flag plants a few  
feet away from them began slowly to rise before  
their eyes. Up it went two inches, six inches, a  
foot; then it started to move slowly away. The  
astonished children thought of magic and were  
ready to flee in terror when they suddenly realized  
that a big mud turtle was merely taking a  
walk.

Father's brothers, Alvin, Daniel and Hadyn,  
all of whom were sturdy youngsters, were getting  
pond lilies on the edge of the river one day in  
July. Hadyn, seeing what he thought was a rock  
just below the surface of the water, stepped upon  
it; in a moment Alvin was beside him. Then the  
"rock" began to move. Alvin jumped off, but  
Hadyn was too busy plucking lilies to notice what  
was happening; so when the "rock" dived he was  
left floundering in the river. The turtle they had  
boarded was perhaps twenty-four inches across.

Mr. Hathaway Leonard, a grown man, once  
saw two turtles fighting in the middle of a large  
pond. Jumping into his boat, he rowed out,  
expecting to bag them both. In his haste he took  
no weapon of any sort; so on reaching the com-  
batants he tried to drag them into the boat. But  
tug and exert himself as he might, he could get  
only one of them. He could not separate them;  
nor had he strength to drag the second into the  
boat. In the struggle the first one fell back into  
the water, and the man rowed ashore to get an  
axe with which to cut the fighters apart. When he  
returned the turtles were nowhere in sight. Some  
time before that incident Mr. Leonard had caught  
a turtle near the same spot and had obtained  
twenty pounds of meat from it.

One Sunday when father was ten years old he  
did not attend church. Standing by the barn door,  
late in the morning, he was much astonished to  
see grandfather, who was coming from church,  
acting in a most peculiar manner. He was walk-  
ing slowly and was holding something away from



his side. Every few yards he stopped and changed it to his other hand. When he came within hearing he shouted, "Get the butcher knife and the shop tongs quick!"

His burden was a big snapping turtle. Father pulled out its head with the tongs, but the butcher knife was too small to kill the creature. They needed an axe! The turtle's head was as big as a man's fist, and the neck was as thick as your wrist. Grandfather laid the severed head on the woodpile to test his assertion that it would live and bite for nine days. Each day he would thrust a thin stick between the jaws, and each day the jaws would close on it. On the ninth day the head would still bite savagely. On the tenth the jaws shut feebly on the stick. Lest the fact may seem like a fable, let me add that we made the same experiment again and again with other turtles, and the result was always the same.

These incidents all relate to the mud, or snapping, turtle. Here is one brief history of a small land, or "lock," turtle, to use the villagers' name for it. The creature was perhaps seven inches long and four and a half inches across and could shut its shell so tight that you could hardly slip a knife between the edges. Father was eleven years old when he first found it in a certain field one day in June. At that time the turtle bore on its shell the dates 1823 and 1841. He marked it with his own initials and the year, which was 1855. The next year, also in June and on almost the same day, he found it within fifty feet of the same spot and marked it 1856. A boyhood friend of father's found the same turtle in the same field and at the same time of year in the late eighties and marked it again. Those things make you wonder how long a turtle lives. Of course a person could carve any date on a turtle's shell, but we can vouch that this particular turtle lived at least from 1855 to 1889.

#### ELIZABETH, THE JEALOUS

A JEALOUS woman was Queen Elizabeth. She had many good qualities, it is true, and easily holds her place among the great sovereigns of England. Nevertheless, there was, says Mr. R. Thurston Hopkins in Kipling's *Sussex*, a certain meanness in her nature, and jealousy was a mania with her.

She thought that no young cavalier ought to marry for love, since everyone was supposed to love only the queen. For that reason the Earl of Leicester had to keep his marriage with Amy Robsart secret; and when Sir Walter Raleigh dared to fall in love with Elizabeth Throgmorton, Elizabeth imprisoned him in the Tower for a brief period and expelled his fair bride from the court.

The story of the queen and the Windsor carter shows that Elizabeth was also a whimsical woman. When she wanted to go from Windsor to some other place the carts and horses in the neighborhood were impressed for the service. But she changed her mind constantly. The Windsor carter, who had been ordered to provide carriage for part of the royal wardrobe, once came to Windsor Castle and found that the queen had changed her date of departure; he came a second time and found that she had changed the date again. He came for the third time, and when he learned that his queen had once more changed her royal mind he clapped his thigh and exclaimed, "Now I see that the queen is a woman as well as my wife!"

Elizabeth, who was standing at an open window, heard him. "What villain is this?" she asked, laughing, and directed the attendant to give him three angels "to stop his mouth."

#### NINETY FEET OF TROUSERS

IN the Balkans, where women tend goats and cattle in the mountains, it is necessary for them to wear trousers; skirts would be too cumbersome among the rocks. In Albania, however, especially at Scutari, writes a contributor to the *Illustrated London News*, women wear trousers in accordance with an old custom.

An Albanian woman takes pride in wearing trousers as voluminous as possible, and as a result the garments do not in the least resemble the ordinary masculine attire with which we associate the word, but appear like tremendously full, heavy skirts. The richer the woman is the more extensive are the trousers, and it is not at all uncommon to see women wearing trousers that are made of ninety feet or more of cloth. When an Albanian girl is to be married all her relatives contribute to provide her with trousers as well as with the full costume of an Albanian woman, including caps adorned with gold and pearls and with gold ornaments. The complete dress weighs more than sixty pounds. It is no wonder therefore that to take quick steps is impossible and that when the women are at home they sit cross-legged.

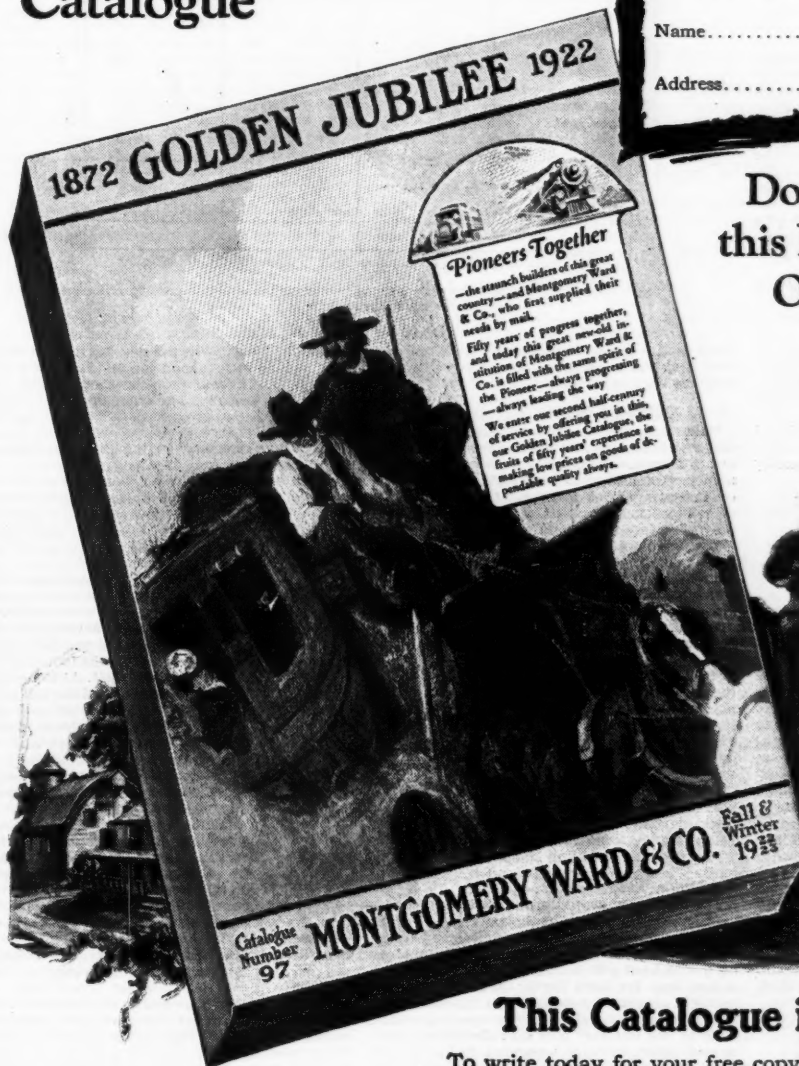
#### THE LADY WAS RIGHT

THE lady who was thinking of buying an automobile had had the agent show her the carburetor, the differential, the transmission and everything she thought seemed important about the car. Then she said, "Now, are you sure you've shown me all the things I ought to know about?"

"Why, yes, madam, I think so," replied the agent.

"Well then, where is the depreciation? I am told that is one of the most important things to know about when you are getting a car."

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## GIRLS' PAGE for SEPTEMBER

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE GIRLS' PAGE, THE YOUTHS COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

### SCIENTIFIC FIELD HOCKEY

THE visit of the Philadelphia Hockey Team to England in October, 1920, and the return visit of the All-England Women's Hockey Team to this country last fall showed clearly that hockey has reached a far higher standard in England than in the United States. There are several reasons for that. Although we have played the game since 1901, we have played without conspicuous interest and with little improvement in technique, whereas in England—where it has been the most popular of team games for many years—it has been carefully improved, particularly in the last ten years. Then too the English hockey season lasts from October to April; English girls often begin to play at the age of ten, and more English than American women continue in organized athletics after they have left school or college.

Ever since the international hockey matches mentioned above were played, hockey enthusiasts in both countries have been promoting plans to make American hockey a better game. Interest in establishing women's hockey teams throughout the country and in time creating a picked national team increases constantly, and it is said that a number of English coaches are coming to America this fall to coach in schools or colleges.

The following article—prepared for the Girls' Page of The Youth's Companion by officers of the All-England Women's Hockey Association and by

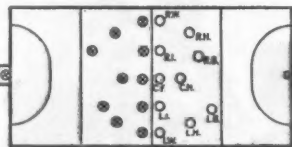


Fig. 2

members of the victorious All-England Women's Hockey Team—was written expressly to help American girls who are interested in hockey to understand the scientific points of the game, to realize what are the essentials of good individual play and good team play, to correct faults that are owing to the lack of a comprehensive understanding of the sport, and so to increase interest and proficiency in the advanced form of the game.

The first thing a hockey player must learn is to control her stick, and therefore she should choose one that is not too heavy. Do not use a stick that weighs more than twenty-one ounces. Many players prefer one that weighs about nineteen ounces. Choose a stick in which the grain follows the bend of the blade; if the grain runs out, the stick will break in time. See, too, that the handle will "give" somewhat when you put weight on it. The resiliency adds to its driving power. Let the new stick

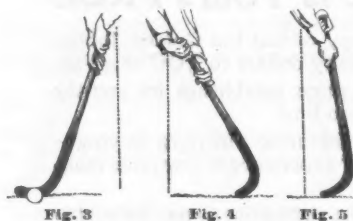


Fig. 3

Fig. 4

Fig. 5



Fig. 6

Fig. 7

stand in oil overnight, and with a rag dipped in oil rub it—but not over the splice—every fortnight or three weeks in the hockey season except when the stick is wet.

As to dress, rubber-soled shoes are not desirable, particularly for muddy ground; even rubber studs are not so satisfactory as leather ones on light leather boots with low, square heels. Very full bloomers will not do, because they are likely to hold the ball in their folds, and if a player runs forward with the ball in her clothing she can be penalized for "carrying forward." The best dress yet devised for the game comprises the proper shoes and stockings, an ordinary white tennis or riding blouse, a tunic of light cloth that reaches to the knees, tight-fitting woven knickers to match the tunic, and shin guards—with small pads for the ankles—that reach just below the knees.

Of course the only way to master the rules of the game is to get an official rule book and learn them. But for the present purpose it is enough to say that the ground is marked as in Fig. 1 and that the

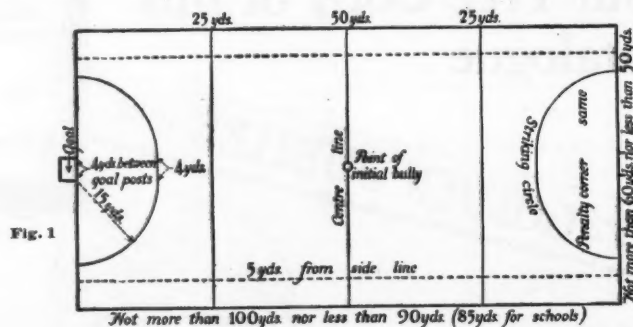


Fig. 1

If a full-size field is not available, keep to the regulation proportions as nearly as possible and reduce the striking circle in proportion.

players—five forwards, three halves, two backs and one goal keeper—stand to start as in Fig. 2.

### GENERAL TACTICS

First of all, remember that you are one of a team, not playing "on your own." A team of players of medium ability who show good combination, or teamwork, will often defeat a team of brilliant individualists. Learn to play with your team, and above all learn never to hit the ball without trying definitely to hit it to some one person. Look up and see to whom of your own side you can pass the ball. Never hit blindly or straight at an opponent; it is dangerous, and it is bad playing. That applies to the whole team, but it applies particularly to the backs and the halves, as they are most likely, when hard pressed, to hit anywhere so long as it is away from the goal. Learn, too, to disguise your intention—to keep your opponents guessing.

The next thing to remember is to play quickly. When you are going after the ball, hurry—do whatever you are going to do with it quickly. When you are dribbling it up, run hard. When you are going to hit it, don't fiddle about; swing your stick quickly. Many players lift their sticks with such a slow backward swing that they are robbed of the ball before they get their shots in. Remember that every fraction of a second counts, and that you can hit just as hard with a quick, short swing as with a slow one. For hard hitting—shooting for goal, taking a corner or making a free hit—the hands should be close together at the top of the stick. (Fig. 3) For ordinary play they should be a little farther apart, but not separated by more than three inches. Fig. 4 shows the incorrect position for a reverse strike shot—the arms crossed awkwardly with the grip unchanged, and the stick held away from the body. Fig. 5 shows the correct position for such a stroke—the grip changed and the stick held close to the body to give greater playing surface.

### INDIVIDUAL PLAY

**Right Wing.** Keep out on your wing and pass the ball when you reach your opponents' 25-yard line is a good rule for a wing player. If you are tackled you can do one of two things: make a short pass at a slightly forward angle to your inner forward and let her pass out again to you behind the attacking half or back, or give the ball a little push pass to your opponent's left, run round on her right and pick up the ball again behind her. That device should be mastered by every player, but it is especially useful to the right wing.

It is not the business of a wing forward to shoot for goal, and, unless you are away by yourself with no one to pass to, you should not run in to attempt it except at rare intervals, just to keep the defense guessing.

**Right Inner.** Remember that you are one of a "wing pair" in your own half of the field. Work with the wing—the other member of the pair—and pass to her when you are near your own goal. As you reach your opponent's 25-yard line, draw slightly nearer your centre (but not so near as to cramp her) and after that pass toward the centre, not to the wing. Of course that is only a general rule. Circumstances differ, and a player must use her brains as well as her limbs. Make a stern resolve, though, never to hit the ball across in front of your own goal, but always to pass it to the wing.

**Centre Forward.** Your play should be similar to that of the right inner in most things, but see that you distribute the work equally. Chiefly on you and on the centre half rests the task of passing equally to both sides, so that one player does not get too much and the other too little to do.

**Left Inner.** Play in your part of the field as right inner plays in hers.

**Left Wing.** Play largely as the right wing should play. Try to



centre on the run. Let the ball drop a little behind you and turn your body till you face the centre, then pass hard in. The other approved way to centre from the left is to draw the ball back with the toe of the stick, to stop suddenly, let the pursuing half run past you, then centre hard in.

Every player, but particularly the left wing, must learn the push stroke. To make it, lower the right hand on the stick until it is about six or eight inches below the left. Then place the stick squarely behind the ball, with the heel of the stick against the ball. (Fig. 6) With no backward swing, but with just a quick turn and a forward movement of the wrist, give the ball a sharp push. If you have made the stroke properly the ball will then shoot out to the right. At the end of the stroke the palm of the left hand should be turned toward you and downward, the palm of the right hand should be turned outward and upward and the stick should be at your right, with the face turned upward and a little forward and the toe pointing backward. (Fig. 7)

The forwards should keep in a line across the field, and send short forward passes to one another when they are attacked. When you pass, pass slightly forward, so that the forward to whom you pass need not check herself, but can take the ball in her stride. (Fig. 8) By the time a pass reaches a forward she should be there to meet it. Forwards must look where they are passing and they must try to make openings for one another.

When a forward is forced to the back line with the ball she should not centre straight across the mouth of the goal (Fig. 9), but should hit back toward the edge of the circle (Fig. 10), for that gives her team mates the chance to shoot from a better angle. The three inner forwards should be ready to shoot hard the instant they are inside the circle. Don't "pat" the ball and don't try to run it a little closer to the goal unless you have a clear field, or you may be robbed of it before you can get in your shot.

As soon as a forward shoots, the inner forwards should rush the goal keeper. Be behind the ball when it is hit, but then run at once and aim to reach the goal keeper as quickly as the ball does, so that she will have no time to clear.

**Halves and Backs.** The first thing for the halves to remember is to mark. That is, the wing halves must look after the wing forwards, and the centre half must see to the centre forward. When your forwards are attacking, keep close behind them, but try to keep in such position that you can intercept any pass to the forward whom you are marking. The centre half should be ready at the edge of the circle to take a shot for goal if one of her forwards passes back to her or if her opponents try to clear up the middle of the field—a very dangerous practice, by the way. Always lift out to the wings when you are near your own goal.

When your opponents are attacking, stick to your "man," and mark her as in basket ball. The centre half, especially, should never leave the opposing centre forward if she can possibly help it. She should always try to hold such a position that she can get the ball before the centre forward gets it, if a pass comes for the centre forward, and she should watch that the centre forward does not slip away from behind her.

All that applies to backs, too. Their special charges are the immers, and they must mark them closely and at the same time cooperate with the halves and with each other. For example, if a right wing gets away so that the left half who is marking her is left far behind, the left back must go to tackle the wing and the left half, cutting off a corner, must dash straight in to the right inner that the left back has had to leave. The right back falls back a little, in readiness to cross in case the left back misses the ball and the left half has not yet got back. But from where she stands she should still be covering

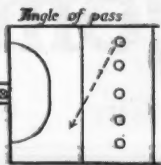


Fig. 8

her inner forward, ready for any pass that may come. (Fig. 11.) Fig. 12 explains the finish of that play. Should the right back have to cross to assist her other back, the right half must immediately come in to mark the opposing left inner whom the right back has had to leave, for the left wing is then the least dangerous forward on the field, since any pass to her would have to go past the right half. As soon as the right back returns the right half goes back to her wing.

**Do Not Pack Your Goal.** The goal keeper must have a clear view of the ball. The halves and the backs should stop the forwards from shooting, not stop their shots. If a forward gets in a shot, let the goal keeper deal with it; and see that everyone is marked so that if it rebounds from the goal keeper's pads no forward is free for another shot.

Halves and backs should remember that the best defense is attack. Nowadays backs play almost as far up the field as halves do. Back up your forwards right up to the opponents' 25-yard line. Do not stand in a straight line; keep an irregular formation—one always a little in advance of another. If the ball is on your right, the right back goes forward and the left falls back a little; if it is on your left, the left back advances and the right falls back. That is so that you can cover each other.

The backs must make openings for their forwards. Don't just hit wildly anywhere, so long as it is toward your opponents' goal, and don't retreat before advancing; advance and attack them. If all your forwards are marked and there seems no one to whom to pass, hit the ball—not too hard—through the gap between the forwards and let

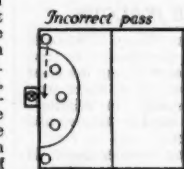


Fig. 9

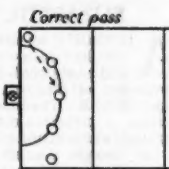


Fig. 10

them run forward for it. Don't keep the ball too long, but if you can draw the opposing half or back from the forward that she is marking, so much the better; you can then pass to the unmarked forward. But never "fiddle" with the ball.

Never do the obvious thing. For example, if you dribble the ball up the field toward the right wing as if you were going to pass to her, at the last moment flick the ball across to the right inner. When you are backing up a bully, look out for your forward's tipping the ball back to you; if she does it and you are away from your own goal, pass the ball forward through a gap or pass it to an unmarked forward. If you are near your own goal, hit the ball out to the wing.

**Goal Keeper.** Wear long cricket pads that come up over your knees and use your feet all the time. Whenever it is possible, stop the ball with both legs together. If a ball comes to the side, put out

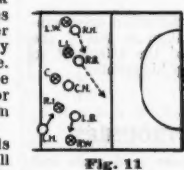


Fig. 11

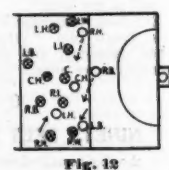


Fig. 12

your foot to it; it is safer than using the stick, for the ball may hop over that. Stand upright. If you kneel, you are not in a position to clear quickly, and you might easily get a ball in the face. Do not let your backs block your view. If they are in your way, call to them. After stopping the ball with your feet clear hard with your stick direct to the side line. Do not kick unless you are very hard pressed and there is no time to stop the ball first.

Do not stop a ball, hit by an opponent, that is going over the back line unless you think an attacking forward can reach it before it goes over. A goal can be made only by an attacker inside the circle. Therefore do not stop any ball from going into the goal if it was hit by an attacker outside the circle. If you let the ball enter, the only risk is a 25-yard bully; if you stop it and fail to clear, you may give an opposing forward time to reach you and to rush the ball in. Whenever a forward breaks away and you see that none of your defense can get to her, run out to attack her. Try to meet her at the edge of the circle so that she cannot shoot; use your feet to stop the ball—don't trust to your stick. But do not kick outside the circle.

**Forwards:** Combine, shoot the instant you enter the circle, rush the goal keeper and don't stand off-side.

**Halves and Backs:** Back up your forwards and give them good passes in attack, mark your opponents closely in defense, don't block the goal keeper's view and don't run in to goal unless the goal keeper has run out. Hit to the wings when you are near your own goal, but hit to the centre when you are near your opponents' goal.

**Goal Keeper:** Use your feet and clear hard to the side line. Never clear up the middle of the field or over the back line if you can possibly help it.

**Everyone:** Get a book of official rules and learn them. Do not turn on the ball or commit any other foul. Do not hit an opponent. Do not be rough.



Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

## FAMILY PAGE for SEPTEMBER

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE FAMILY PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



### REFINISHING WORN FURNITURE

**F**RESHENING the appearance of worn furniture is not difficult if a few simple rules are carefully followed.

When the surface of a piece that is finished in the natural wood is only dulled or slightly marred by fine scratches, all that is necessary is to clean and renew the surface by wiping it with a cloth dipped in kerosene or turpentine, and as soon as the accumulation of fine dirt that formed a cloudy film has been removed to go over it with a piece of flannel charged with prepared wax in paste or liquid form, and then to polish it with a dry cloth. Linseed oil with a very little japan drier mixed with it can be used in place of the wax. If white spots or fine checks appear, they can sometimes be removed by wetting the wood with denatured alcohol and carefully rubbing it after the alcohol has penetrated the surface. That, of course, should be done before the wax or oil is applied.

Painted or enameled furniture can be cleaned with lukewarm soapsuds made from any mild soap. It should then be washed lightly and at once with clear water and carefully dried to prevent the marks of the water from showing.

When the furniture is too much worn for any of those methods to be effective the only remedy is to refinish it completely. Many a cheap piece of furniture has good lines and can be made attractive by a little paint or enamel in tints that harmonize with the other furnishings of the room, but it is usually a mistake to cover up good hard wood, for usually it needs only the proper treatment to bring out grain that is likely to be more beautiful than any paint.

#### REMOVING THE OLD FINISH

When a piece in natural wood is to be refinished the old finish should be entirely removed by scraping and sandpapering, but if the old finish is very hard and thick it is better to use a paint remover to soften it; but it should not be left on long enough for the wood to absorb it, because that is likely to affect the new finish.

The next thing is to consider the tone and color that you want. Although all finishes darken wood to some extent, the tone can be further enriched or altered in color by applying a stain. There are three kinds of stain—those made with alcohol, water and oil. Each has its uses, and each can be had in various shades. Stains prepared with water or alcohol penetrate deeper into the wood than do oil stains, and therefore are preferable for woods of close grain, especially if the piece of furniture is likely to be subjected to much wear. The only objection to water stains is that they raise the grain, which makes it necessary to sandpaper the wood again. An excellent stain for oak and for any other wood to which it is desired to give a nut-brown tone can be cheaply made by dissolving a drachm of permanganate of potash in enough warm water to make the desired shade. Oil stains can be made at home by taking equal parts of raw linseed oil and spirits of turpentine for a medium, together with one or two teaspoonfuls of japan drier to a half pint and adding enough thick color ground in oil to give the effect that is wanted. Either Vandyke brown or burnt umber will give good oak and walnut tints, and ivory black, used sparingly, produces the gray, weathered tones that many persons like. Oil stains should be applied with a brush or a rag and should have plenty of time to soak in. After that go over the surface with a dry cloth to remove any surplus and bring out the grain. To avoid streaks or laps when using alcohol or water stains make the stain weak and wash it on freely.

#### FOR A SMOOTH SURFACE

If you want a very smooth surface on wood that has an open grain, such as oak, get a good paste filler and work it well in by brushing across the grain. Allow it to stand about half an hour, then wipe the surface clean. If the wood requires darkening, use a colored filler, for thereby you will save the extra work of staining the wood before you fill it. After allowing several days for the filler to become hard go over the surface with very fine sandpaper or with steel wool.

On close-grained woods, shellac will take the

place of a filler. Give the wood one or two thin coats and rub each one down with No. 6 or No. 00 sandpaper. Pure shellac, made by dissolving the gum in alcohol, dries almost as rapidly as it can be applied.

Having produced a smooth hard foundation, you are ready to apply the kind of surface finish that you prefer. For utility and beauty combined, the soft lustrous effect obtained by applying wax paste cannot be surpassed. Put it on with a piece of flannel—all the wax the wood will take,—let it stand a few minutes, then polish by rubbing thoroughly with a dry cloth. Repeat the process if it is necessary until you get a satisfactory result. The surface of furniture so treated always looks fresh and improves with age.

#### RUBBING WITH OIL

A soft, dull finish that brings out the color and markings of the wood can be produced by rubbing in raw linseed oil that contains a little drier. That, like the wax finish, has the merit of being easily renewed.

A high gloss can be obtained by using a good spar varnish, but to insure really good results all the materials and the room where the varnishing is done must be warm, dry and free from dust. Use a soft badger, sable or fitch brush and flow the varnish freely enough to avoid leaving brush marks. When the first coat has hardened for a week, rub it down with fine sandpaper and apply another coat of varnish. When that is hard—it will not be for ten days or longer—rub it down and apply a third coat of varnish; and so on until you have four or five coats. The third and fourth coats should be rubbed down with fine pumice powder and linseed oil, and the last coat with rottenstone and oil.

#### PAINTING

To prepare a piece of furniture for painting, wash it with warm water containing enough ammonia to remove all traces of grease; then sandpaper the surface until it is smooth.

To prepare the color, procure a few pounds of pure white lead, some raw linseed oil, spirits of turpentine, a small can of japan drier, and the necessary tinting colors ground to a thick paste in oil. For very dark shades the colors can be used without white, but white is a necessary foundation for all the more delicate tints. Break up the lead by adding only enough oil and turpentine, mixed in equal parts, to allow stirring with a wooden paddle. To the thick mass add the tinting color a little at a time until you get the right shade. If you want an old ivory tint, use just a trace of raw sienna with the white. For a pronounced buff tint, add chrome yellow and sienna. You can make a warm drab from white and burnt umber. Ivory black and white, in different proportions, give a range of pure grays that can be made cooler or warmer by adding ultramarine or a red say vermilion or light red. Chrome yellow and black, with or without white, give shades of olive. White and deep chrome green make a good "willow green," which can be made duller by adding ultramarine, or brighter by putting in a little yellow.

#### THE PRIMING COAT

For the priming coat take some of the thick mixture and thin it to a good working consistency with equal parts of oil and turpentine and a teaspoonful of drier to every half pint. If the wood is very porous, use a little more oil, to make a good binder and prevent the brush from dragging, but don't employ enough to produce a glossy film. Apply your priming coat with a flat bristle brush of suitable size, preferably one with a chisel edge and long springy hair. In lapping strokes, always finish by brushing into the section that you put on last.

Allow plenty of time for the priming to harden, then smooth the rough spots, if there are any, with very fine sandpaper.

For succeeding coats, thin the stock tint with turpentine and drier only until it has the consistency of thin cream, then strain out the lumps by passing it through cheesecloth. Apply two, or more, coats, for several thin coats give a smoother and more solid finish than one thick one. The result will be a fine mat surface. If you want to be especially particular on a large flat surface, rub it when it is thoroughly hard with a piece of felt dipped in the finest dry pumice powder.

If the work is to be finished in enamel, proceed in the same way to put on your priming coat and finish with the enamel for the final coat, which should be put on in the same way and with the same care as varnish.

#### STENCILED DESIGNS

A very small painted or stenciled design sometimes adds a pleasing decorative touch to painted furniture.

Paintbrushes can be kept in good condition by suspending them in a pail of water. Varnish or enameled brushes should be hung in a covered can filled to a point beyond where the hair ends with a mixture of turpentine and varnish. Before using a brush work it out on a clean board by dipping it into the kind of paint or other material that you are going to use, and brushing back and forth until you have limbered the bristles.

Immediately after they are used, paintbrushes can be washed out in warm and very soapy water.

rinse the brushes thoroughly and dry them. They will need no further attention and will be ready for any color when they are needed.

#### MARKETING

##### IV. The Three Great Market Classes of Crops

**T**HERE are food markets that are local, others that are world-wide and still others that are regional. Most of the troubles of the grower come from not making his production fit the demands of his market. In order that there may be a real market there must be a demand from consumers and an outlet for the surplus.

The main characteristic of a local market is that it has no outlet. It is quickly filled up. Then the market breaks, and the surplus produced locally goes to waste. A good example of that condition is fruit growing in a fruitless region. If the grower can keep the supply well within the local market demand, he may make money, but the chances are that his neighbors will follow his lead and that the time will quickly come when the local market will be flooded with fruit. The first comers will supply the market; the others will find that they can save money by letting their fruit rot rather than by gathering it.

A surprisingly large percentage of all marketing ills and complaints, the country over, arises from a situation such as has been described. The fault is not altogether with the grower. Sometimes the local dealer is not awake to the advantages of encouraging local production. He is often satisfied to make his profit on imported produce and does not care to bother with the local product. Very possibly the local product is not so well graded and prepared for market as that which is shipped in, and that the margin of profit the dealer can take is not so wide. Sometimes the fault lies with the consumer, who prefers a well-known imported article to one that is home grown, even though the home-grown product may be fresher and better.

All this is merely saying that marketing channels tend to continue as they are, and that the man who tries to change them, whether he is a consumer or a producer, must reckon with the fact that people do not easily change their buying habits.



Every product of the farm may fall into the local market class, but as a rule it is the perishable crop—the fruit and the vegetables, and sometimes the milk—that is to be thought of as local in its marketing field. Of course the plain answer to the problem raised by a bad market situation of that sort leads in one or two directions—either find an outlet or else quit producing a crop that must depend upon a few local consumers. It will depend entirely upon the local situation and outlook

which line of action it is better to take. To abandon a business that may have taken years to build up demands courage of a rare sort, yet that may be the only way to escape failure. To face a bad local market with sufficient courage to induce others to enter production, so that quantity shipment can be made possible and an outside market can be reached, takes another kind of courage, and besides that, vision without being visionary. Yet it is that kind of courage, coupled with vision, which has built the great cooperative fruit-shipping associations of the West and of the South, and which is responsible for the cooperative successes of the New England States and of the Middle West.

Next to the crops that are marketed locally are what may be called the "regional crops." They are well represented by hay, corn and the other rough grains. Hay is an excellent example of a regional crop. It is bulky, expensive to move and has a low value to the carload. In other words, although there is a widespread demand for hay, the hay that is grown at any particular place can move only a short distance from home on account of the high cost of moving it. The same thing is usually true of corn, oats, and sometimes of barley. Unless there is a suitable market within reasonable hauling distance the crop becomes unprofitable. Naturally such a market is much larger, as a rule, than the market for local crops. Every town is, more or less, a market place for the perishable crops, but the real market places for regional crops are the great packing centres like Chicago and Omaha and St. Louis. That holds true also for potatoes. They are grown in a few well-defined areas within the United States, and those areas supply roughly outlined fields that to some extent overlap. Taken together, those fields cover the entire United States.

The problem before the grower of the "rough crops," except potatoes and other things that are handled in the same way, is to turn them before they leave the farm into other and more valuable forms. Hay, oats, barley and corn are all meat-making or milk-making materials. To the stockman or the dairyman they are what pig iron is to the steel manufacturer—raw materials; and the man who "manufactures" them has to do as the miner or the smelter of pig iron does: take the price of unfinished material for them. Sometimes that price is more than corn or hay or barley will bring when it has been turned into butter or beef; but usually the price is so low as to make it an unsafe business to grow such crops for the cash market.



The safe rule for the grower to follow is to produce of such crops as nearly as possible what his farm will consume in the course of the year, with a small allowance for surplus. Then if the price is favorable he can sell, and if the market is unfavorable he can afford to carry over his excess crop or buy more stock to consume it.

There is a third general division of crops that may be termed "world crops." Wheat heads the list of them, and, using the word "crops" in its widest sense, it includes eggs, butter and all meat products.

Take, for example, wheat. Every continent grows it, and every continent except Europe exports it; but the wheat-growing areas are small and well defined. A far larger portion of the world buys wheat than sells it. Our own Southern and Eastern states import it. Great Britain, which raises much wheat, is also a leading importer of it. France too imports, and so does Germany. The Balkans export wheat, and so do Siberia, Argentina, Australia, Egypt and India, and, of course, the great Canadian northwest.

The world-wide movement of wheat, caused by a general demand for it on the one hand and by a widely distributed production of it on the other, gives it market value the world over and makes it one of the safest crops (from the point of view of finding a market) that the farmer can grow. The same thing holds true for the other world crops—rice, cotton, butter, meats and the like.

Consequently, from the point of view of what is safest and best for the farmer to grow, the following conclusions may be drawn:

Crops with the widest possible market are the safest, though not always the most profitable for any given year.

Next to those crops stand the rough or raw-material crops that are used chiefly to manufacture on the farm such crops as have a world-wide market.

Last and lowest in point of safety, so far as the ordinary man with ordinary experience is concerned, are the local crops that must be marketed within a brief time or close to the point where they grow.

### Cutting and Splitting Wood

It is in the Family Page for October

#### INTO THE CALDRON

**T**HIS novel indoor pastime requires only a simple equipment but provides enough excitement to satisfy the most energetic. It combines the attractions of a potato race, tiddledywinks and a relay race and adds a twist of its own.

Have three teams of three members each, or, if the table is large enough, you may have four teams. Give each team a receptacle—one that will not break if it is swept off the table in the excitement—and let each team place its own receptacle in its own corner of the table. Also give each player a parlor match and a piece of string two feet long.

When the signal to begin is given, the first member of each team lays his match about two feet from his container and, taking an end of the string in each hand, tries to place his match in the receptacle. He may work his string under the match and snap it in, as in tiddledywinks, or he may wind the string round the match and lift it in; but he must take care that the match does not touch his hands or body, and he should not let go of the ends of the string at any time. That prevents him from tying knots in the string. If the match falls to the floor, he should place it once more on the table and continue as before.

As soon as he puts his match in the container according to the rules, the second member of his team immediately takes the string and, placing his match two feet from the receptacle, goes ahead as the first player went; and after him the third.

The team that first gets all of its matches into the container wins the contest.



Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

## BOYS' PAGE for SEPTEMBER

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE BOYS' PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

### FOOTBALL IN 1922

THE football season of 1921 proved again that victory crowns the efforts of those teams that devote their attention to mastering fundamentals and perfecting a few strong simple plays. Many an eleven of superior physical ability, attempting to dazzle opponents with a bewildering array of trick plays and intricate signal systems, went down to defeat before teams that followed the A B C's of the game.

As long as football survives, good tackling, effective blocking, accurate passing, clean handling of the ball, long, straight kicking and thorough knowledge of assignments will win more games than all the half-learned, poorly executed, fancy plays that can be devised. Yet, apparently, some teams will always make the mistake of believing that they can win games if only they have a great variety of plays and a signal code that would puzzle a Sherlock Holmes.

The following diagram (Fig. 1) illustrates a play that embodies most of the essentials of offensive football.

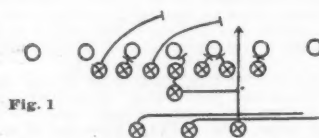


Fig. 1

The play depends upon speed and accuracy. A team might well begin to rehearse it on the first day of practice. Such a team could be certain not only that it was perfecting a play that has gained many yards for some of the best elevens in the country, but also that the quick start, hard charge, accurate passing and deadly blocking that the play demands and fosters will stand the team in good stead.

The quarter back in the play must handle the pass from his centre like lightning, not holding the ball even the smallest part of a second, but guiding it swiftly into a lateral pass. Yet, as swift as his motion must be, his last touching of the ball is a checking pressure that causes it to lob rather than to shoot toward the spot behind and between his tackle and his end.

The right half back starts with the snap of the ball, at full speed, straight ahead. With his right arm out as a stop he gathers in the ball as he plunges through the hole opened up for him by his end and his tackle. The tackle has the guard beside him to help him against the opposing left guard, but the end is alone against the opposing tackle. He must get the jump, hit hard, with his head and shoulder to the inside of the opponent's body, and, with feet under him, dig, dig, dig to keep the opposing tackle away until the play has gone by.

The pass by the quarter is so fast that it needs comparatively little protection, and so on the side away from the play the end and the guard or tackle, according to their speed, may cut straight through the line to block down the field.

It may seem as if this play wasted the full back and the left half back, which is contrary to the fundamental rule of sound football that requires every man in every play. But in this play the course of the full back and the half back not only is a protection against mishap but also prepares for a check play in case the opposing left end yields.

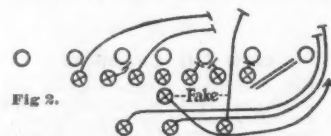


Fig. 2

to the temptation to dive in sharply and "smear" the plunging right half. As soon as the quarter notices that tendency (Fig. 2) he fakes his pass to the right half, and, tucking the ball under his right arm, circles round the end with his half back and his full back as interferers.

This check round end has been good for a touchdown more than once, and is fully equal in importance to the play it checks.

The sound principle of checking can be worked out not only in the relation of running plays, one to another, but in the relation of running plays to forward passes.

The most effective forward passes are those that are so constructed as closely to resemble strong running plays. Such forward passes, once started, sorely tempt the secondary defense to close in, to prevent a running gain, and when the play ultimately becomes a forward pass the secondary defense is caught out of position to stop it.

For example, a strong running play outside the defensive left tackle that consistently disposes of the defensive left tackle and left end and forces the defensive left half to come up fast to prevent a gain prepares the way for a play that begins and looks almost the same, but that culminates with a

forward pass to the territory that the deception has forced the defensive left half to vacate.

Two such plays, a running play (Fig. 3) and a forward pass (Fig. 4), are illustrated by the diagrams below. The wavy lines indicate a direct pass from centre to left half.

Thus should a system be built on a few strong, simple plays. One play should check another until there exists a sequence of plays of just sufficient variety so that the offense can take advantage of any possible weakness in the defense. Beyond the number required for that purpose, every additional play is an unnecessary burden, and a double burden, too, since it takes time to perfect the play.

The plays shown in the diagrams are not offered as the best possible, but merely as good illustrations of the principles. And the season of 1921 proved, if ever a single season did, that any one of a wide variety of styles of play can be made

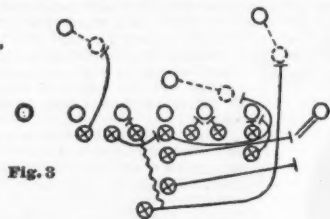


Fig. 3

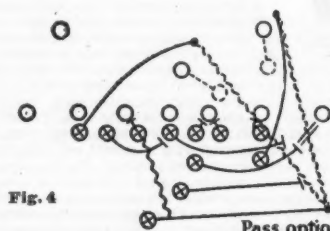


Fig. 4

Pass option

successful if attention is concentrated on adapting the style of play to the material and on perfecting the details. The season now at hand will show, as past seasons have shown, that the big slices of victory go to those teams that are soundly versed in simple football and convinced that, whatever their plays or physical equipment, they cannot win without hard charging, fierce tackling, deadly blocking, fast starting and speed.

### THE APPOINTED PLACE

A FEW years ago an observing man lived on the fifth floor of an apartment house in which there was a well-equipped elevator. He noticed with satisfaction the regularity with which the elevator boys were constantly leaving and new ones coming in their place. After a while he asked the manager of the house why there were so many changes. "The boys do their work so poorly I have to discharge them and look for others," was the manager's reply.

After that the man paid more attention to the boys. Most of them responded immediately to his ring for the elevator. Yet in almost every case the elevator would go above the fifth floor, then below it, and after jiggling up and down several times stop an inch or two off the proper place. Rolling the door open, the boy would caution, "Watch your step."

One day the boy who was running the elevator a trifle worse than any of his predecessors exclaimed, "Well, today is my last day on this job!" "Why?" asked the man.

"Oh, because we don't get paid enough. I was only just filling in with this. I'm going to look for a better job."

"Why don't you learn to stop at the right place first?" the man asked.

"What's the use? It's too easy!" the boy exclaimed, wide-eyed. Then, leaning confidentially

toward his passenger, he whispered, "I'm going to learn to run an automobile. Chauffeurs get lots of money."

"Yes, I know; but if you learn first to stop an elevator at the right place, won't you be a better chauffeur?"

The boy rolled the door wide, grinned and remarked, "Oh, what's the use?" That is just the question: What is the use of doing little things well, when we want instead to be doing bigger and more important things?

The day after the man had had that talk with the elevator boy some one called the manager of the building on the telephone and asked about the boy. "He was the worst one we have ever had," was the manager's reply. In the week that followed the same question was asked many times, and the manager always answered it in the same way. The boy is not a chauffeur; he is still "filling in."

If he had stopped at the appointed place conscientiously day after day, not only would the manager have been reluctant to part with him but when the time came he would gladly have said to that first inquiry over the telephone: "John did his work well." There would have been no subsequent telephone calls.

### USING THREE HEADSETS ON A RADIO RECEIVER

ALTHOUGH every additional headset attached to a radio receiver detracts somewhat from the strength of the sound, three pairs of receivers can be used satisfactorily, even on a small crystal-detector set, if the connections are tight. To make sure that they are tight it is necessary only to mount three pairs of binding posts on a small board and to connect each series of three with separate wires, one end of each of which shall project far enough beyond the board to permit it to be fastened to one of the headset binding posts on the instrument. The plugs on the headset cords can then be inserted in the mounted binding posts just as they would be on the set. If you are making your own panel you can anticipate the time when you will want to use three headsets by mounting three pairs of headset connections instead of the usual single pair.

### DEVELOPING YOUR LEGS

GOOD legs are essential in football for either linesman or back, and in this day of automobiles any player who arrives back at school with a good pair of legs under him is almost sure to get his chance.

Of course walking and running are the most common forms of exercise for the legs, and both give good results when they are done properly. Long strolls will reduce rather than build up your legs. Two or three miles, if you walk properly, will be enough. Carry the body erect, hold the knees well back, push the weight of the body vigorously from the ball of the foot at each step, use a stride of medium length, and walk as rapidly as you can and still observe those rules. Running long distances does little to develop the legs, but sprinting in short dashes on the balls of your feet is good.

### THE YOUTH'S COMPANION "OVER THE AIR"

For fifteen weeks now The Youth's Companion has been supplying radio broadcast programmes to some of the most widely heard radiotelephone stations in the country. The programmes, which are announced under the names "The Family Circle" and "Under the Evening Lamp," consist of leading articles, stories of adventure, humorous stories, anecdotes, poetry and Department Page clippings taken from the columns of The Companion and arranged for reading "over the air." Have you heard any of them? What do you think of them? What kind of stories do you like to hear by radio? Write to The Department Editor, The Youth's Companion, Boston, Massachusetts, and tell him your impressions. He will be pleased to know what you think about The Companion broadcasts and, if you have not already asked for it, to send you free of charge your copy of the radiotelephone map and list of stations that has been prepared for subscribers.

The list of Companion broadcasts at the time of going to press is given below. New stations are being added all the time, and the entire country will soon be covered.

Station WGI, Medford Hills, Massachusetts. Fifteen minutes every Monday and Saturday evenings.  
Station WBZ, Springfield, Massachusetts. Half an hour every Saturday evening.  
Station WJZ, Newark, New Jersey. Half an hour every Saturday evening.  
Station KDKA, East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Half an hour every Saturday evening.  
Station KYW, Chicago, Illinois. Half an hour every Saturday evening.  
Station FGY, Schenectady, New York. Fifteen minutes twice a week. Announced by radio.  
Station ALZ, Denver, Colorado. Fifteen minutes twice a week. Announced by radio.  
Station WWJ, Detroit, Michigan. Fifteen minutes twice a week. Announced by radio.

Skipping rope is good, but the heel should be brought well up toward the buttock, in order to exercise the muscles of the back of the thigh. In stationary running, do not stop with the usual front-thigh work of bending the knees up in front, but also practice bringing the heel up behind as high and as snappily as you can.

The front-thigh muscle usually receives much attention owing to the common belief that the upper thigh is especially important. It is the muscle immediately above the knee that counts; the failure of that is what causes an athlete to collapse in the legs. It holds the leg straight or controls the angle at which it bends. There is no better exercise for that particular muscle than the knee bend. With your hands on your hips and your heels slightly raised, squat until you are sitting on your heels. Straighten up rather

slowly, and repeat the exercise until you are tired. Go clear down every time. A light bar or some such weight held across your shoulders will make the exercise both more interesting and more valuable. Increase the weight of the bar slowly instead of increasing the number of bends. Ten to twenty times is enough. Never do more than thirty.

The calves of the legs are sometimes hard to develop. The shin bone joins the bones of the foot in a way that differs in different persons. The distance from the point of juncture to the end of the foot varies. One man who has an eleven-inch foot may have a long front foot and a short heel, and another man whose foot is of the same length may have a short front foot and a long heel.

The action of the foot in walking is mainly a contraction of the tendo Achillis and the gastrocnemius, the great calf muscle that draws the heel up and presses the ball of the foot downward. Other things being equal, weight of body, and so forth, the man who has a short heel will have the larger calf, because he has to use more motive power to counterbalance the disadvantage of poor leverage. Also, the long front foot means more work for the muscle that runs along the outside of the shin bone, which lifts the toes and draws them toward the shin.

If correct walking, running and skipping rope fail to bring your calves to proper size, try this: Stand on the edge of a low step—two or three boards or something else low enough to let the heels touch the floor but high enough to stretch the calf muscles. Now raise the heels rather slowly and rise as high as you can on your toes. Repeat the exercise until the calves ache a little, then reverse the position and draw up the toes. You can keep your balance by resting a hand on the back of a chair, but be careful not to divide the strain. If you need still stronger medicine, lift one foot and exercise one leg at a time.

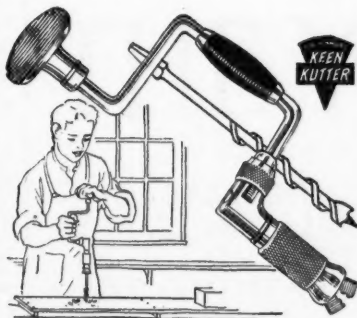
### TO MAKE AN ATTRACTIVE PAPER CUTTER

ANYONE who lives in the part of the country where the red cedar grows can make most attractive paper cutters or envelope openers either from a branch or from the trunk. If you use a branch, take one that is at least an inch thick, cut it to a convenient length and split it lengthwise. The sapwood, immediately beneath the bark, is white. Do not use that but take the heartwood, which is of a reddish-brown color and will split into stringy silvers that separate almost of themselves. From the silvers, choose one that strikes your fancy as to length and thickness, and whittle it into shape for a paper cutter or an envelope opener. Red cedar is so close-grained that it will take a very sharp edge.

The wood is full of tiny knots. If you choose a silver that has a knot between the handle and the blade portion of the cutter, you thus make a natural and picturesque separation of the two parts.

The heartwood of red cedar is not only pleasing in color; it also has a spicy and agreeable fragrance, which, with the waxy smoothness of the fine grain, makes a paper cutter that is attractive to the eye and a constant reminder of the woods from which you brought it.





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### THE ACUTE ABDOMEN

THIS absurd name has crept into medical literature to denote any acute painful disturbance within the abdominal cavity. It is often employed, as "malaria" was formerly and "grip" or "the flu" is now, to conceal ignorance. The doctor knows that something wrong is going on somewhere within the abdomen, but the symptoms are so indefinite or so masked by intolerable pain that he cannot at once make a diagnosis, and so he calls the condition "acute abdomen."

The distinguishing feature of the acute abdomen is severe pain, but the pain gives no clue to the precise trouble. We must know whether the pain is continuous or intermittent, when and how it began, at what point it is most severe, whether pressure increases or diminishes it, and what other symptoms are associated with it. Careful observation will often show that a chronic condition has preceded the acute attack. In such cases there has been frequent or continual indigestion, slight pain after eating, obstinate constipation, or an attack or two suggesting a mild appendicitis.

Among the diseases that may be at the bottom of the acute symptoms are a perforated ulcer of the stomach or duodenum, rupture of the gall bladder, inflammation of the pancreas, inflammation or gangrene of the spleen, acute appendicitis with abscess, twisting or obstruction of the intestine, a kink of one of the tubes leading from the kidney to the bladder or in a Fallopian tube, the passing of a gallstone or of a urinary calculus and acute inflammation of the stomach. Very severe attacks of pain may occur in locomotor ataxia, and acute abdominal pain may arise in cases of heart disease or may be associated with pneumonia, especially in children. In most cases of acute abdomen there is some fever, but there may be a subnormal temperature if the pain is extremely severe. The problem of the physician is to find out just what is causing the pain and then to relieve the trouble by active remedies or by an operation.

### ABOUT BEE STINGS

A GOOD many readers who saw our story about the man who died shortly after being stung on the temple by a bee have written us their views or observations on the subject of bee stings. One beekeeper tells us that he has been stung in almost every part of his body and has found stings on the temple no more serious, though a little more painful, than stings in other places.

Another reader writes that as a boy he was stung by a bee on the throat near the "Adam's apple" and that almost immediately his body from his neck to his hips swelled up with a burning inflammation. He was exceedingly ill, and he remembers that the doctor told him that if the sting had penetrated the jugular vein he would probably have died.

A lady writes that she was once stung between the eyebrows and was so ill that her life was despaired of for a time. She was covered with a painful eruption, and she has, she says, never had good health since that day.

It is noticeable that the beekeepers who have written us do not believe that bee stings can kill anyone; but the physicians are a little more cautious.

One doctor who lives in Logan, Utah, writes us of a patient who was stung on the wrist. She was almost instantly seized with symptoms of shock and poisoning, could not speak and almost died from inability to draw her breath. The doctor's conclusion—and the most sensible one possible, it seems to us—is that some persons are exceptionally susceptible to formic-acid poisoning, and that, if a considerable quantity of poison is injected directly into a vein, serious effects may follow. Death would be so uncommon a result as to be rarely heard of, but it appears there are conditions when even death may be possible. It is probably most likely when the heart is weak or diseased. The temple is apparently no more dangerous a spot than others except as the blood vessels there are necessarily close to the surface and so may be more readily punctured by a bee sting.

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